Pasquin

RISEN FROM THE DEAD:

OR,

His own Relation of a late

VOYAGE

He made to the Other

WORLD,

IN

A DISCOURSE

With his FRIEND

MARFORIO.

LONDON:

Printed by *J. C.* for *N. C.*

1674.

Pilgrim

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THE BOOKSELLER TO THE Reader.

I *Shall not, with the witty* Criticks *of the* Age, *affirm, that it is the* Corruption *of the* Times *we live in, makes men more greedily run after* Satyrs *than any Works of* Religion *and* Piety; *I have more charitable thoughts for the Gentlemen of our* Age, *who having* clear *and* enlightned *Judgments, can never become culpable of such notorious defects, as to act things out of a pure* Principle *of Corruption. 'Tis rather* Interest *and* Ripeness *of* Wit *that ingages them to read*

Satyrs, *as a Preparative to refresh and quicken that Appetite they naturally have to things more Solid; which too much poring on would otherwise pall. For the* Mind *of Man is not indefatigable, nor can it undergo a constant Imployment in serious matters; they too much clog the Brain, and there must be some* Divertisement *and* Recreation, *to recover that strength is lost by too great assiduity and labour, else in time all gayety of mind would be extinct, and the Soul become utterly stupid.*

Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis;

said a Poet, who doubtless had by Experience found the conveniencie of Jocose *intervals, after having toil'd himself with the Compositions.*

To the Reader.

Satyr *has two advantages very neceſſary for a wearied mind; it refreſhes and recreates at the ſame time: but this which I now give you, under the Title of* Paſquin riſen from the Dead, (*which I have got tranſlated from the* Italian) *has a third advantage no leſs conſiderable than the other two: for beſides the Pleaſure and Divertiſement, Profit may likewiſe here be reaped, and the moſt* Sanctified *of Mankind, that will without any* Prepoſſeſſion *read this Book, may finde ſomething very* Uſeful *in it; for the main end of the* Author *is only to beget a love of Virtue, and an abhorrence of Vice and vicious perſons, and by ſhaming theſe laſt out of their diſorderly courſes, make them take a firm Reſolution to change their*

Life,

Life, reform their Manners, and restore again by their good Example *and* Uprightness *the Primitive Christian Purity. If this Translation (which I have procured into our English Tongue) produce any good effect, or contribute any thing to that end proposed by the Author, I shall never grudge the Expence I have been at, nor the pains I have taken.*

N. C.

PASQUIN

Paſquin *riſen from the dead.*

OR,

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

PASQUIN and MARFORIO.

Paſquin.

Hat, Ho *Marforio!* you're in mighty haſte ſure; what, not ſo much as vouchſafe a word to an old Friend, but to paſs by as though we had never ſeen one another before?

Marfor. *God's my life, what's he that calls me? Sure I have known that voice. It muſt certainly be* Paſquin *that talks in that Statue. And yet how can that be, ſince I am a witneſs of his death? 'Tis ſurely ſome Ghoſt that would fain make me believe he is yet living:*

What would I give for ſome Holy Water to drive this Devil away now?

Paſq. Prethee Sweet-heart been't frighted; I am *Paſquin*, very *Paſquin*, thy old Pot-Companion: why ſhould'ſt thou wiſh for Holy Water to drive me hence, ſince I am miraculouſly riſen? For there is nothing can withſtand the Heavenly Decrees. And prethee by the way, be no longer cheated with that fond Opinion, That Holy Water is able to drive away Devils; thoſe are old Wives Fables, fit only to bubble Fools withal: for were there any ſuch thing, ſince there can be no worſe Devils in Hell than the Pope and his wicked Tribe of Prieſts, it would certainly drive them out of the Church.

Marſor. *Where the Devil hadſt thou this knowledge? Sure thou haſt not been in Hell to fetch it? I am almoſt in an Ague to think of it; and the more I look on thee, the more I tremble.*

Paſq. Been't ſuch a Fool to be afraid to look upon a Friend, for true Friendſhip ſhould laſt even to the other world: but I am no Ghoſt or Goblin, but

but verily alive; or were I dead (as indeed I have been) what Reaſon hadſt thou to fear me? the dead are honeſt quiet people, they neither kill nor ſteal; they ramble not about ſtreets in the night to murder poor Taylors, nor force open doors to raviſh women; they break no Glaſs-windows, nor beat no Watches, nor are any violaters of the Laws. Whil'ſt I was in the world, I was never afraid of the Dead. If I could but guard my ſelf from the living, who are a proud revengeful generation, that ſcarce pardon men in their Graves, I thought all well enough; therefore prethee be of my mind.

Marſor. *I'll endeavour it. And though I never yet had any commerce with their Worſhips the dead, I will be better acquainted with them for the future.*

Paſq. Not ſo neither, for fear of falling into an ignorance that infects ſo many thouſands now adayes, who will be invoking the dead for help; a Trick only invented by Monks and Fryers, to cheat the world, and fill their own Purſes with the Alms given them for

Interceſſion to Saints that cann't at all relieve: For know, Friend, that the dead which are in Heaven enjoy ſuch fulneſs of bliſs, that it keeps them in ſo continued an holy contemplation of the Divinity, it would be impoſſible for them to take notice of the miſeries of this world, or to hearken to the Prayers made to them: for were it otherwiſe, we muſt neceſſarily from thence infer their felicity were not perfect; which were impiety to think. And as for the dead that are in Hell, their torments are ſo great, they can only think of their own unhappineſs; ſo that it would be a madneſs to invoke them, it being impoſſible that they who cann't help themſelves ſhould relieve others. Therefore take my Counſel, keep as fair as thou canſt with the living, and leave the dead to their fate.

Marfor. *Yet at leaſt let me have commerce with thee, that com'ſt to ſeek mine with ſo much Grace and Civility.*

Paſq. I am alive and not dead, for my death was rather a wonderful Extaſie than any thing elſe, which Heaven was pleaſed to allow of, to the confuſion

ſion of thoſe who would not believe what I had before publiſhed both by word and writing, againſt the Vices wherewith Chriſtendom ſtands infected.

Marſor. *But tell me prethee, how is it poſſible that thou who art a body of ſtone, as thou art, couldſt firſt be animated, then die, and be revived again?*

Paſq. And canſt thou that art born a *Roman* be ſuch a noddy as to wonder at that; thou that ſeeſt daily ſo many greater Wonders before thy eyes? With how much more Reaſon may'ſt thou wonder to ſee ſo many tun-belli'd Friers (the good always excepted) that feed like Pigs, and drink like Fiſhes; that fatten themſelves in the ſcoundrel lazineſs of the Convents, and yet have the impudence to think they ſhall one day enjoy the felicities of Paradiſe? And yet greater wonders much than this there are. For thou know'ſt, or at leaſt ſhould'ſt know, that all Divines agree, that there is nothing in the world that can be equal in weight to the nature of Sin; for ſay they, Iron, Lead,

Stones, Braſs or Gold are in compariſon lighter than Feathers when put in the ſcale with Sin. So that he muſt be worſe than a Sot that believes that ſo many bouncing Friers, as well Seculars as Regulars, who are loaden with ſuch a maſs of ſins, that only to lift one of them from the ground, would require an Engine like that wherewith *Sixtus* V. raiſed the great Pyramide of St. *Peter*, can ever mount up to Heaven. And yet there are Fools that perſwade themſelves to it. In a word, old Camerade, it makes me mad to ſee the dotage and folly of ſome Chriſtians in the world, who though with their own eyes they ſee ſome diſſolute Prieſts dallying with their Concubines behind the ſame Altar where they celebrate the Maſs, defiling themſelves with Boys with ſo much freedom and liberty, as if Sodomy were now a Cloyſteral vertue; ſacrilegiouſly converting the Veſſels of the Church to profane uſes; killing, raviſhing, poyſoning, and committing all ſorts of villanies in that very ſame place where they read Divine Service; and

yet

yet after the ſight of all this can fancie, that thoſe very perſons when they go out of the world fly into Paradiſe, as birds do from bough to bough. This, Brother, muſt needs be ſo great a folly, that any man of reaſon cannot but imagine it a leſs wonder to ſee a ſtone mount up to Heaven, than one of theſe ſinful Monks.

Marſor. *Thou haſt always indeed had a particular knowledge of the vices in vogue in* Rome, *and eſpecially among divers of the Clergy. But now thou haſt been ſo great a Traveller, 'tis reaſonable to believe thy knowledge is increaſed, and thou able to talk more pertinently of this matter. Pray therefore let's hear the whole Relation.*

Paſq. With all my heart: Let's withdraw into this corner, where I will begin from my antient Genealogy. My Father was a native of *Rome*, deſcended from the Antient and Noble Family of the *Satyricks*, in which his Father and Mother cauſed him to be brought up with all poſſible care; and thoſe good folk being dead, and leaving him an Orphan of about eighteen years of age,

he married a wife out of the antient family of the *Raylers*, with whom he lived above twelve years without hopes of having Children; but in the end, whether by force of Prayers, or by some other Art which barren women have to fill their bellies, one they had, and that was I; and having drawn to my self all the juyce and quintessence of those two Families of the *Satyrists* and the *Raylers* (which in them were soon after extinct) all that Stem and Race came to be united in, and supported by me alone. My father and mother left me so little, that I was obliged to seek out a Trade for my living. Some counselled me to turn Apparitor, that I might grow more subtle and cunning in the Affairs of the world: Others would have me a Taylor, telling me I managed the Shears with a mighty good grace, and had an excellent Invention for Fashions: But I having an itching desire to turn Shaver among such multitudes of fat Monks as this City afforded, resolved upon being a Barber, & presently set up shop. At first I had no great custome, whether because of my youth, or of my

un-

unskilfulneſs, or for what other reaſon I know not; but ſo it was, that the concourſe to my ſhop was very ſlender; ſo that having a great deal of idle time, I was, I know not how, prompted into a vein of Poetry, and compoſed ſeveral very pleaſant Verſes and Madrigals, utterly degenerating from the temper of my Father and Mother; for I ſtudied to flatter every body, by which I gained a little Credit, and brought ſomewhat more Cuſtome to my ſhop; becauſe of thoſe that came out of curioſity (and under pretence of being ſhaved) only to hear my Verſes. This Trade of flattery I exerciſed for ſome years very thrivingly; for time out of mind nothing has been better recompenſed than flattery. But at length I yielded to the entreaties of thoſe honeſt hearts that hate this ſneaking Myſtery, who cauſed me to be changed into a ſtone, that I might always be in one place, but ſtill have the faculty of ſpeaking, and making ſuch Verſes as beſt pleaſed my humour. It was no ſooner perceived by the Countenance of a Holder forth that I had put on, and the

Tone

Tone of a Puritan I had assumed, that I had resolved to change Copy, and make amends for all the faults committed in my Trade of flattery; but the Poetick Vein breaking through all this severity of Discipline, I began now to censure the Vices of others, so that in a little time my Conversion was known all the City over, and every corner of the streets were filled with crowds to hear my babble. Nay, some of the Wits of the Town finding my way of writing agreeable to the present humour of the times, made Verses after my strain; and to the end they might not be known from my own Works, put them out under the name of *Pasquils*; as if there had been never a Satyrical brawler in the whole Town but *Pasquin*. But this put me sometimes to trouble: for the Church-men against whom I most whetted my edge, were netled to hear their faults laid open, and consulted several times to have removed from their sight so displeasing an Object, and to have me thrown into the fire, and burnt to ashes. But they forbore, out of consideration that it was by the will

of

of Heaven, I was from a man transformed into a ſpeaking ſtone, that the whole earth might take notice, that even ſtones without ſence or life do look into the Villanies and Vices of Mankind.

Marſor. *I remember indeed that I once heard a famous Preacher tell us, that at the day of Judgment the ſtones and trees ſhould ſpeak, and publiſh and reveal thoſe hidden ſins and enormities had been done in private.*

Paſq. That's ſure enough, & what ought to be believ'd. And let me tell thee, that the Paſquils of *Rome* are a repreſentation of the day of Judgment, ſince here the ſtones ſpeak and reproach the Reverend Church-men with their miſdemeanours. But to proceed to our Story: The Holy See becoming vacant by the death of *Alexander* the Seventh, and I having heard ſo many complaints and exclamations that all Chriſtendom made againſt him; As I was informed of the affairs of the world by thoſe numerous atteſtations that came, as thou well know'ſt, from all parts againſt his perſon; ſo a fancie entred into my head to underſtand likewiſe

wiſe the Affairs of Heaven and Hell. And whil'ſt theſe thoughts were working in my Brain, whether the violence of imagination made me miſcarry of death and reſurrection before my time, as it doth many of the Enthuſiaſts and Quakers of theſe times, or whether it pleaſed Heaven to grant me a larger Experience in Affairs of the world, that I might by more ſolid and peremptory reaſons convince the Clergy of their Errors, I cannot tell. Suffice it, that I ſaw things I never believed I ſhould have ſeen, and have been in places ſo different from where we are now, that I thought of nothing leſs than ever ſeeing thee here again.

Marſor. *Prethee tell me therefore all that happened to thee: for things of ſuch Novelty cannot chuſe but be very pleaſant, eſpecially in ſuch times as theſe.*

Paſq. I cannot well tell how to deſcribe to thee the very moment of my death; but this I remember, that I felt my ſelf very much oppreſſed, and that methought there was I know not what ſtrange rumbling in my belly, which violently puſht at my Soul, and thruſt

it

it up to my mouth; till at length it ſlipt quite out, and immediately I flew into the middle Region of the Air, where I found an infinite number of Ætherial Spirits, which made a continual noiſe like the humming of Bees flying high and low, to and again, expecting ſome imploy; yet I paſſed on without any hinderance till I came to the ſecond Region, where I begun to be mightily perplexed becauſe I could not tell which way to take: but whil'ſt I was in this confuſion, I ſaw appear coming along a great Road, a ſhape, which I took at firſt to be that of ſome Monk that waited for his Sentence; but I was miſtaken, for it was a *Drogoman* or Interpreter of Tongues, or rather a Guide and Conductor of Pilgrims, who having perceived me at a great diſtance, was coming to meet me, to ſhew me the way, and to know what I deſired. I was very well pleaſed to ſee him, and therefore heartily ſaluted him; and he returning my Civility, aſked my Name, which I told him, and deſired him he would carry me to ſome well-peopled place, for that I had always been uſed

to

to good ſtore of Company. To which he made anſwer, that there were three ways, one of which led to Heaven, the next to Purgatory, and the third to Hell.

Marſor. *How! Can it be true then that there is a Purgatory? whil'ſt yet the Elders of* Geneva, *or little* Rome, *deny it the Devil and all.*

Paſq. Who ſays they deny it? There is no people in the world purge more than they, ſo that they bewray and beſpatter with their Sirreverences every corner of their ſtreets. It is true, that in Democracies it is impoſſible to ſtop either the mouths or A---s of the rude rabble; and that the common people of that City are as beaſtly, naſty, and ill-manner'd, as thoſe of higher condition are civil and gentile.

Marſor. *Well: But what courſe took you when this ſtranger ſhewed you the three ways, which did you follow?*

Paſq. You might have gueſſed that without telling. I deſired him to lead me to Paradiſe; which he willingly undertook, telling me it was his proper Province. And thereupon ſetting for-

forward, bid me follow him; which being in a place quite out of my knowledge, I not only did, but took hold of his Girdle for better ſecurity. We paſſed over a very narrow Bridge, and of ſuch extreme height, that it made my hair ſtand an end; and on the other ſide of it we found Ditches, Rocks, Mountains and Precipices ſo terrible and affrightful, that for my part, I had much ado to believe this the Road to Paradiſe, but rather thought we wandred & went altogether aſtray. But my Guide and Camerade cheer'd me up more and more; beſides, it encouraged me to ſee perſons of both Sexes labour with all their power to make the way ſmooth and eaſie, that they might proceed on their journey: and it was pretty to ſee how they ſwet, and what pains they took to compaſs it.

Marſor. *One may learn hence, that we ought to ſuffer, and endure labour and toil, if we hope to obtain the glory promiſed to the faithful.*

Paſq. Very true. But for my part, it was a great comfort to me, to paſs that way, which others ſweat and labour

bour had made plain. Well: After a long journey, we came at length to the Gates of Paradiſe, which were very narrow and ſtrait; they were three in all, every one ſtraiter than the other. Before the firſt of theſe Gates ſtood two Angels, whoſe buſineſs it was to inform themſelves particularly of every thing; one executing the Office of an Examiner, and the other of a Secretary. That is to ſay, one examined all ſuch as pretended to enter into Heaven, and the other read the Proceſs of their lives. So that no ſooner had the Examiner perceived me, but he aſkt my Guide who I was; and had ſcarce received for anſwer that I was a *Roman* (for I had diſcovered my ſelf to him before) but he burſt out into ſuch a fit of laughter, that methought it was very pretty to ſee him in ſo good a humour. After a little venting of his ſpleen, not content with the information wch my Guide had given him, he turned towards me, and in an inſtant demanded, What's your Name? Whence come you? What are you? What have you done in the other World? What are you come to do

do here? What good d'ee bring into theſe Quarters? What evil have you left behind you? Which way got you hither? How long have you been coming? Did you come a Foot or a Horſe-back? With an infinite number of other Queſtions. And which is more, at the ſame time the Secretary demanded my Teſtimonials, and an authentique Proceſs of my whole life in the other World. Upon which I was ſtruck dumb, never thinking, that in Heaven they had been ſo exact in their Informations. They perceived my confuſion; and ſeeing I had neither Teſtimonials to ſhew, nor any thing to alledge for my ſelf, they gave me my Paſs-port in this manner. Away fond Fool, are you one of thoſe that think you may ſpend all your life time in Ignorance, and yet in the end can hope to find Heaven-Gates open to your fancies and pleaſures? We are troubled, dear Friend, that you ſhould increaſe the number of thoſe that are come hither with a blind hope of entrance, but have been conſtrained to ſeek their abode elſewhere. Know,

that a ſtrict examination is here made of all mens Works, and that this is a place only for the Elect, and not for all the World; and yet many have got in here who were fearful they ſhould never do it, and many have been ſhut out, who believed themſelves already in. Mean while I began to recollect my ſelf, of I know not what Papal Indulgences that I had about me, ſubſcribed by the Popes own hand: wherupon I was about to ſhew them, believing them ſtrong enough to facilitate my entrance into Paradiſe; but I ſoon found the contrary, for one of the Angels no ſooner perceived it to be a Parchment of the Dature of *Rome*, but he began to cry out, Away, away; get you gone hence as faſt as you can, this is no place for you: which I no ſooner perceived, but I immediately threw away the Indulgence. At which the Angels ſeemed ſomewhat pleaſed, and told me, That they knew very well that there were no Indulgences but what were bought, and that it was only an Invention of the Prieſts to ſqueeze mony from the people; and that therefore ſince the Popes had begun to be ſo liberal, or rather

ther prodigal of their Indulgences, the King of Heaven had given order to reinforce the Bolts of Heaven-Gates, to diſappoint all ſuch as pretended to get entrance by the purchaſe of ſuch Fopperies, for that God would that all Souls that come to him ſhould acknowledge their happineſs in poſſeſſing Celeſtial Glory from his infinite Goodneſs and Mercy, and not from that Power and Authority which the Popes had uſurped in the World.

Marfor. *Methinks they ſoar'd ſomewhat high in this matter: for among Chriſtians there's nothing more talked of than the Indulgences of the Popes, as if Heaven had been made ſubſervient to their fancie. Nay, which is more, they dare now almoſt talk of* Chriſt, *as if he had not died for our ſins.*

Paſq. Whoever hopes for Heaven muſt think otherwiſe. Sure I am, that if the Souls in the other World could riſe again, the firſt taſk they would ſet upon ſhould be to drive the Popes out of the Church of God, for having been the cauſe of the Damnation ſo many, and the Salvation of not one.

Marſor. *Did'ſt thou make any ſtay with theſe two Angels without Heaven-Gates?*

Paſq. Two hours; and if I ſhould ſay three, I did not lye.

Marſor. *And did not there all this while ſome other Souls arrive there? Sure elſe there muſt be other Gates?*

Paſq. There is neither any other entrance, nor any other way to it, and yet I ſaw not one Soul appear.

Marſor. *How is that poſſible, ſince 'tis a common ſaying, that at even the Souls pour into Heaven like drops of rain?*

Paſq. Thoſe are the Doctrines of ſome Monks that will lye like the Devil, and abuſe poor Fools, making them believe the Moon's made of green Cheeſe. I was once one of their Cullies, and thought Souls had thronged into Paradiſe as faſt as they do to the Pope's *Jubilee*. But now ſeeing few, or indeed none come for the ſpace of two or three hours, I aſk'd an Angel the reaſon; who told me 'twas occaſioned by the too much or too little Faith Chriſtians gave to the Pope; ſome loſing themſelves for running

ning too extravagantly from all they do, and others for relying on them too much. And he gave me a Reaſon from the Seven Trumpets ſpoken of in the *Revelation* of St. *John*, which were to have all ſounded before the end of the World. Six had already ſounded in St. *Pauls* time, that is to ſay, in the ſpace of five thouſand years or thereabout; ſo that in equality and appearance, the other ſhould ere this have ſounded, it being above ſixteen hundred years ſince. And yet it was impoſſible for it to ſound till the empty places in Heaven were filled up. Whereupon I aſking the Reaſon why their filling up was ſo long delayed; He replied, It muſt needs be yet a long time before it could poſſibly be done, becauſe the Popes led poor Souls out of the ways they ought to take to reach thither. And the truth is, *Marforio*, that till ſuch time as Popes were introduced in the Church, Souls went thick and threefold to Heaven, and the Gates were always open to receive them; but ſince they began to aggrandize themſelves, and made the world believe

they had a power to open and ſhut the Gates of Paradiſe, Heaven is grown jealous, and has ſet ſo ſtrict a Guard at all the Avenues, that it is impoſſible to get in without perfect hatred to the Pope; which makes me think the world may laſt yet this ſix thouſand years, if every two hours there go but one Soul to fill a place in Heaven.

Marſor. *But prethee how comes it to paſs that thou wert denied entrance, who haſt been always a profeſt enemy of the Popes?*

Paſq. I was pretty well content to have got ſo nigh; but there are many other things required before getting in.

Marſor. *Well, but what didſt do now, being thus excluded, what way took you next?*

Paſq. I deſired that at leaſt I might have liberty to viſit the Popes in quality of Citizen of *Rome*. But both the Angels anſwered me, that there were no Popes in that place. The juſt Judge having ſo decreed about the 800 year of the Incarnation, that is, ſoon after corruption was crept into the Pontificate,

cate, to the end that all occaſion of Idolatry might be taken away; ſince there was reaſon to doubt leſt thoſe Souls who by the Temptations of the Monks had been induced and perſwaded to adore Popes on earth, might at length grow ſo fooliſh as to worſhip them in Heaven. This was the anſwer both Angels together made me: but one of them explained himſelf ſomewhat more largely, and told me, By your demand, ſaid he, it is eaſie to be perceived you are a Pilgrim of *Rome*, and infected with thoſe abominable Doctrines taught in that City, where it is an inviolable Tenet, that the Popes are no ſooner dead, but they mount up to Heaven: Be perſwaded out of this Errour, Good Mr. Pilgrim, and know, there is a great Antipathy and incompatibility between the Popes of the *Vatican* and the Inhabitants of Heaven. Content your ſelf only with this Example, that the cauſe of *Lucifer*'s being driven out of Paradiſe, and thrown down with ſo much violence into the Abyſs of Hell, was only for entertaining a thought to make himſelf

like unto God; nor could he find any way to avoid, or ſupport him in his downfal. How much then more difficult would it be for the Popes to reſide in Heaven, they who make themſelves greater than God; and whil'ſt *Lucifer* only ſinn'd in intention, dare to do it in effect? I never was more confounded at any thing I ever heard; and humbly beſought the Angel that he would at leaſt put me into the way to go where they were. Upon which, without ſaying any thing more to me, he turned to the Party with me, and having whiſpered him ſomething in his Ear, my Guide thereupon bid me follow him, which I did. Being thus upon our Journey, we paſſed through many deſolate and ſolitary places, which were ſo dark, and full of ſuch inacceſſible Rocks, that I firmly believed it was Hell; and that which confirmed me the more in my Opinion was, that I beheld among theſe Rocks a great number of Serpents, of which the moſt part had on their heads a Fryers Cowl. I was already ſo tired with my Journey, that the fancie and deſire to continue

tinue it was almoſt grown feeble; when my Guide told me, it was impoſſible for us to turn back again, that Way having this particular Quality, that it gave leave to paſs forward, but not to return; and added (perhaps to comfort me) that the Popes had a particular place aſſigned them, that was neither a Heaven nor a Hell, but as it were a half Hell only. He had ſcarce told me ſo, but I ſaw appear before my eyes, at about two miles diſtance thence, a large Caſtle of a round Fabrick, but ſo large, that it might well contain in it many thouſands of Souls; upon ſight of which my Companion cried out, See there, ſaid he, the *Vatican* of the deceaſed Popes. And drawing nearer it, I was much ſurprized at two things; in the firſt place, at the prodigious height and circumference of the Towers that environed it, and then to ſee ſo great a Machine upheld by Foundations a thouſand times weaker than is to be imagined.

Marſor. *What monſtrous thing will this prove, or how can this be poſſible? What*

What were thoſe weak Foundations made of?

Paſq. Of Medals, of Monks Cowls, of Nuns Hoods, of Cenſers, of Diſcipling Whips, of Chains, of Gords full of knots, of Images, of Bonnets of many Colours, of Sandals, of Clogs, of Pantofles, of Pontifical Mitres, of Hypocritical Veils, of Cardinals Hats, of Green Hats, of Girdles, of Wreaths, of Reliques of Saints, of Bulls, of Candles, of Breviaries, of Books of Controverſie, of Herbs, of Pulſe, of Wafers, and ſuch like things, all incorporated together with ſand and lime: this was the Foundation of this monſtrous Machine, which made me with much delight conſider it.

Marſor. *Without doubt then this Fabrick cannot laſt long, but muſt neceſſarily in a ſhort time fall to ruine, conſidering the vaſt diſproportion between the weight of this monſtrous Maſs, and the Foundation that ſuſtains it.*

Paſq. I am much of your mind. But to proceed: when we were got under the Wall, we beheld a very fair Gate, upon

upon which were four Statues, repreſenting *Hypocriſie*, *Superſtition*, *Pride*, and *Ignorance*: on the two ſides of it were ſeveral Engravings: On one part the Copy of the Donation made by the Emperour *Conſtantine* to the Church, with a particular Inſcription, declaring that the Original was ſtill producible: On the other were ſeen ſome Trophies of the Primitive Popes, and how by little and little they had trampled down Kings and Emperours. And ſeeing the Portraicts of ſome Emperours with their Breeches mounted aloft, and their faces to the ground, kiſſing the Popes Pantofle; I could not forbear laughing. There were likewiſe many other obſcure and ambiguous things which I could not underſtand. Whil'ſt I conſidered theſe things, my Conductor knockt at the Gate; and becauſe no body anſwered, he knockt again; and ſeeing no body yet came to open, he continued knocking, very angry that they ſo long delay'd him an anſwer. But for my part, being before ſo well acquainted with the Popes ill nature, and how they loved

ved to make thoſe had any addreſſes to them dance attendance, if ever they admitted them to Audience; I was not ſo much offended with this procedure: which yet ſatisfied not my Guide at all, who told me, that he ſhould henceforth be obliged to believe that the Popes were very unlike *Jeſus Chriſt*, ſince he himſelf had ſaid, *Knock, and it ſhall be opened to you*; whil'ſt theſe ſtopt their ears, and ſhut their doors againſt thoſe that craved entrance. I made anſwer, that *Jeſus Chriſt* ſaid ſo to his ſheep, and that the Popes ſtill ſay ſo to their Nephews, to whom they open even at the firſt knock. At laſt we beheld appear an old Fellow with a diſmal hoarſe voice, who had opened a little Wicket, and aſk'd us who we were. My Guide returned anſwer, that I was a Citizen of *Rome*, deſirous to ſee thoſe Holy Places. The Gray-beard replied, that I muſt anſwer for my ſelf, and tell him my Name and Sirname; which I did. But he no ſooner heard the Name of *Paſquin* pronounced, but he changed colour, and in a threatning Tone told me, Art thou

thou then he that with thy Paſquils and defamatory Libels doſt ſeduce away our followers, and haſt done ſo much damage to our Empire here, by debauching men from our Service, and diſſwading them from adoring it as they ought? Get thee gone hence with a Vengeance, for here's no room for *Mockers*, *Satyriſts*, or *Raylers*. I made anſwer, that I had never made Profeſſion of inventing new Matter, but had only applied my ſelf to maintain Truth. I was about to proceed, and alledge other Reaſons for my Juſtification. But the old Dotard no ſooner heard the word *Truth*, but he clapt to the Wicket, and trudg'd away as faſt as he could; which put me in mind of *Pilate*, who once aſking Chriſt *What is Truth?* preſently went away, without ſtaying for an Anſwer. And I argued with my ſelf, and inferred from the whole, that it was a Quality inſeparable to the Popes, to fly from Truth. And turning towards my Guide, I told him with a ſmile, That doubtleſs there were done in that *Vatican* things very reproachful and ridiculous, ſince they durſt not give entrance

trance to any perſon capable of obſervation. However, I was vext I could not ſee them; and aſked my Companion's advice what were beſt to be done not to looſe our pains nor time. My Guide told me, that it was e'n beſt to wander round the whole Fabrick, to ſee if poſſible we could find a Gate kept by people ſomewhat civiller than this laſt. Thus reſolved, we drew a little off the Walls, leſt they ſhould fulminate their ſhot from the Caſtle againſt us; and thus at a diſtance began to take our round to ſeek another entrance, all the while conſidering the wonderful Structure of this mighty Machine. We had already travelled a whole day without finding any ſymptomes of a door; but towards the evening we diſcovered ſome narrow holes, and very deep, by which we had ſome hopes to enter, but it was impoſſible.

Marſor. *What holes could thoſe be? In my mind you did well not to venture entring at them, for you might have run the hazard to have been both hanged; the Scripture telling us, that thoſe who*

who enter not by the door are Thieves and Robbers.

Paſq. Don't you know that the Popes have wreſted the Scriptures, and made them ſpeak quite contrary to what our Saviour taught? and therefore 'tis thoſe that enter by the Gate into their Palace are Thieves, but thoſe who ſlip in through the holes are men of Honor. But if thou wilt needs know what theſe holes were, I will tell thee as far as I could learn, and as I read it in ſome old Inſcriptions writ about them. They were Breaches made by *Marcion*, *Montanus*, *Frigius*, *Novatian*, *Romanus*, *Noetus*, *Sabellius*, and *Arnius*, who endeavoured to batter this great Machine, & level it with the ground; but yet could never enter it, ſo ſtoutly had the Popes ſtill defended themſelves; therefore there was only to be ſeen the holes theſe Gentlemen had made, which had no paſſage through into the main ſtructure. Seeing therefore we had ſought in vain an entrance there, and that it was but loſt labour to perſiſt in it, we went forward on our way, till night overtaking us, and being already weary, we lay down

down upon the ground with our bellies upwards, and our mouths as open as we could ſtretch them.

Marſor. *You had been finely ſerv'd if ſome body had come and clapt in a morſel --- Sir-Reverence.*

Paſq. No danger, dear Friend; thoſe that eat nothing have no ſuch Morſels to beſtow. Had I lain near the *Vatican* of *Rome*, there's no doubt but I would never have ventured to have ſlept with open Jaws; ſome of the Popes Nephews that uſe to eat till they crack again, might poſſibly have dropt in ſome Excrements of their Gluttony; and it would have been but one of the leaſt of the Villanies they daily outrage the Citizens of *Rome* withal.

Marſor. *But however, to what purpoſe did you thus ſleep on your backs, and with your mouths open?*

Paſq. That if any of the Country had come by, they might have taken us for Prelates, and ſo have left us to our repoſe.

Marſor. *Why, do the Prelates ſleep with their mouths open in that Country?*

Paſq.

Pasq. I know not how they sleep there, because I never saw it; but I know that at *Rome* they not only sleep, but wake with open Mouths still expecting some comfortable drop of Manna to fall from the *Vatican* and fill them.

Marfor. *I thought there had been none but the* Jews *of the Old Covenant had found the benefit of the raining down of Manna?*

Pasq. There's your Mistake. For the *Jews* of the New Testament have also this Prerogative; but with this difference, that the *Jews* of the Old Testament only enjoyed their *Manna* at their going out of the Captivity of *Egypt*, and the bondage of *Pharaoh*; but the *Jews* of the New Covenant gather it at their entrance into the Thraldomes of the Papacie. And yet there is another difference more remarkable: for the *Jews* of the Law were forced under the bondage of *Pharaoh*, but the *Jews* of the Gospel run gladly and of their own proper motion into the Chains of the Pontificate.

Marfor. *What are these* Jews *thou talk'st of? and what kind of* Manna *is*

that rains down upon them at Rome?

Pasq. Oh, thou art a fool, *Marforio!* forgive me calling thee so; do'st not know that the *Jews* of the New Testament are the Clergy of *Rome*; who in imitation of the *Jews* of the Old Covenant which gainsaid the Words of *Christ*, do not only gainsay the Words, but condemn the Works of the Son of God, and his Holy Scriptures; having by severe Prohibitions forbid the Faithful the reading them, unless in a Tongue unknown? And in this point likewise may with ease be discerned the difference between *Christ* and the Pope: for *Christ* fled away when the antient *Jews* would have Crown'd and established him King over them, refusing a Kingdom at their hands; whilest the present Popes refuse no Temporal Glory, but with greediness reach at the Papal Crown, almost before it is offered by the Right Worshipful Conclave. As to the *Manna* which descends upon them, it is much different from what antiently cloy'd the *Israelites*; for the Church-men of *Rome* are so far from being satisfied with this, that the more they

they have, the more ravenous is their Appetite. Beſides, it was to hungry Stomachs that needed refreſhment God gave that; but this is diſtributed only to ſuch as are already fat, and gorg'd, and who ſtand in leaſt need of it.

Marſor. *Prethee then torment me no longer, but tell me what this* Manna *is?*

Paſq. Shut thy mouth firſt, for there's no danger that any of it ſhould drop upon thee or me. It is Prebendaries, Penſions, Canonſhips, Abbeys, Biſhopricks, Arch-biſhopricks, Patriarchates, Cardinals Caps, and ſuch like Trumpery. This is the *Manna* of *Rome*, which you know well is never given to the labouring Prieſt that wants it, but the fat Sow only is greaſed in the Breech; and ſome are cramm'd up to the very throat, whilſt others have not a Morſel in their Maw. Nor are theſe Hectoring Prelates ſuch Cullies as the *Jews* of old were, who would have changed their *Manna* for the Onyons and Garlick of *Egypt*; they are not for Leeks or Onyons, that is, for labour, pains, and travel, they leave that Diet

to the Country-Curate, and are ſatisfied to glut themſelves with theſe delicious Morſels; and the more they devour, the more greedily they gape after them with open mouths.

Marſor. *I would I had the filling them, it ſhould be with another ſort of Pottage.*

Paſq. I'm of thy mind. But to continue our Story. Day was no ſooner broke, but up we got to proceed on our Journey, and had ſcarce gone two miles, when we heard a terrible and affrightful noiſe; but taking heart, and longing to ſatisfie our curioſity, we doubled our pace, and in a moment might behold one of the Towers of the *Vatican* beaten down to the ground, and multitudes of *Swedes*, *Danes*, *Germans*, and ſeveral other Nations mounting up on its ruines; which yet they could not do without ſweating for it, there being great numbers of *Spaniards* and *Italians* within, who laboured might and main to repair the Breach. Yet all they could do would not prevail, but that great numbers got in, all ſtout Souls, and who courageouſ-

ly

ly ſought to overturn the reſt of the *Vatican*; but thoſe Devils of *Spain* and *Italy* who made head againſt them, ſpoil'd the Plot. As we drew neaſer to this place, I eſpied a *Frenchman* I had been acquainted with at *Rome*, and began to enquire of him the meaning of the Fray; who told me that it was a Tower of the *Vatican* which *Luther* had thrown down, at which Breach all thoſe Nations were entring. I had a great mind to thruſt my ſelf amongſt them, and get in with the croud; but the clambring over thoſe Ruines a little terrified me, eſpecially ſeeing thoſe within the Caſtle make ſuch briſk reſiſtance: whereupon I turned me about to take counſel of my Guide, but could no more ſet eye of him, nor imagine which way he was loſt in the throng: This confounded me ſo much, that not knowing which way to turn my ſelf, I even addreſſed my ſelf to the *Frenchman*, and begg'd of him not to leave me; who thereupon receiving me with the civility uſual to his Nation, and perceiving my longing deſire to get into that place, bid me fol-

low him; which I did. And about an hundred paces from the Tower o're-thrown by *Luther*, we came to a huge wide Breach, that reach'd a great way in. Whilſt I ſtood conſidering it, my *Frenchman* told me, I might freely enter, for that was a Breach firſt broke down by *Calvin*, and ſince made wider by others: yet however I ſtood in ſome ſuſpence, doubtful whether I ſhould venture my ſelf or no; till ſeeing ſoon after great multitudes of *Engliſh*, *Hollanders*, and *Swiſſes*, with ſome *French* and *Germans* mixed among them, thronging in, I took heart of grace, and reſolved to follow them; which I did the more readily, becauſe my *Frenchman* took great pains to help and ſupport me.

Marſor. *You ſee, there are ſome honeſt men to be found every where; and ſurely this* Frenchman *was a brave Fellow.*

Paſq. He was for certain; and ſo much the rather, becauſe he ſhew'd no great good will towards the *Vatican*; and I believe, would not have ſhed many tears to have ſeen it quite thrown to the

the ground. Well then, by this open Breach I entred, and found it infinitely wider than one would have thought it: for there were a great many Thorns and Buſhes that ſtopt the Proſpect, to the end that its wildneſs might not be diſcerned, nor it be believed ſo great as it was. But I muſt needs confeſs to thee, *Marforio*, that though I was almoſt quite tired with the labour and toil of the Journey, and beaten out with the pains and travel I had undergone, I felt within my ſelf I know not what kind of refreſhment, which revived my Spirits, and made me willing to preſs on, in deſpite of the Thorns and the Bryars which netled me on all parts of my body. At the end of this Mine ſtood a Reverend old man, whoſe Countenance was very lean, yet Piety ſeemed imprinted on his fore-head, and he ſtood as it were in a poſture to embrace me. He held in his hand a Banderole; on the one ſide of which was written, *After Darkneſs, Light*; and on the other, *Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will refreſh you.* I had no ſooner read theſe two Deviſes, but I felt

unexpreſſible comfort. Whereupon this Venerable perſon called me to him, and aſked me my Name and Sirname. Ha! ſaid I to my ſelf, poor *Paſquin*, thou art now fallen into another *Dilemma*; ſhould this man treat thee as the other did, all thy pains would be loſt, and thy great deſignes prove abortive. So that I had once a mind to have changed my Name and taken another; but upon ſecond thoughts, I conceived it better to anſwer with ſincerity; and therefore plainly told him I was of *Rome*, and there called Maſter *Paſquin*. He ſeem'd well ſatisfied with my anſwer; but withal told me, that I had done better to have only told my Name, without making any mention of my Country, for that neither the name of *Rome*, nor *Roman*, found any kind reception there. And continuing, he told me, that none could have entrance at that paſſage guarded by him, till he had firſt made Confeſſion of what he and all his Aſſociates had before Confeſſed. I told him, that I ſhould be very glad to hear what he would have me Confeſs. Whereupon he began thus

thus to Interrogate me: Tell me (said he) which of these two dost thou believe to be Head of the Church, *Jesus Christ*, or the *Pope*?

Marfor. *A hard Question, by my Faith: Now should I have answered him, that I believed them both to be Heads.*

Pasq. That had been the answer of a Fool, or at best of an ignorant and naughty *Christian*. I wonder that thou art no better instructed in this Point: Canst thou fancie the Church a two-headed Monster like the Imperial Eagle? Prethee believe that as the two-headed Eagle is only the Fiction of a *German* Poet, so two Heads of the Church are only the pure invention of the *Romish* Clergy.

Marfor. *I do'nt buse my head with enquiring after the Reasons of things, my way of living is plainness and simplicity. But prethee, what didst thou answer him?*

Pasq. I told him, I believed the Church had one only Head, which was *Jesus Christ*; and that to eschew falling into some deviliſh Heresie, I had never believed any other Head than he:

he: for only *Cerberus's*, *Briareus's*, and *Devils* were capable of having ſo many Heads and Bodies, and not Celeſtial Creatures; and that therefore it was requiſite that all others ſhould believe the ſame thing with me, to wit, that the Church had only one Head and one Spouſe, our Lord *Jeſus Chriſt*; and that all others were but Members, of which the *Pope* himſelf was one. Scarce had I concluded, but riſing from his Seat, he ran to embrace me with great expreſſions of kindneſs, telling me, Upon my word, thy Diſcourſe witneſſes for thee that thou art that pleaſant *Paſquin* of whom I have often heard ſpeak with ſo many Elogies: Thou art heartily Welcome. And therewith embracing me cloſer, he honoured me with the Title of Brother in *Chriſt*.

Marſor. *That's a Title not very common in the* Vatican *of* Rome; *for the Popes vouchſafe it only to the Cardinals.*

Paſq. It would be better for the Cardinals if the Popes would forbear giving them that Title of Brothers; for it both injures their Reputation in this world,

world, and makes them in the other look'd upon as wicked and debaucht people, given over to all ſorts of Vice.

Marſor. *Prethee, how can that be? Thou either talkeſt Riddles, or at leaſt they appear ſo to my ſimple underſtanding.*

Paſq. 'Tis a General Rule, & an Axiom in Philoſophy, That the nearer you go to the Fire, the ſooner you'll be warm; and the further you ſtep into the Mud, the dirtier you'll be. This no one can deny; and it may be of ſound uſe to perſwade us, that the nearer man approaches to wickedneſs, the naughtier he is. Now all the World is witneſs the Pope is the Author and Original of all the Miſchief the Church groans under; ſo that whilſt they treat the Cardinals like Brothers, their Eminencies cannot avoid the reproach of being Complices in their wickedneſs. Beſides that Popes are like Pitch, and whoever touches them muſt be defiled.

Marſor. *What ſhall we ſay of Kings then, whom the Pope calls his Sons?*

Paſq.

Paſq. Oh! 'tis a weighty piece of Foppery that. The Popes fancie they give Kings one Moyety of Heaven, and another Moyety of Earth, when they give them that Title of Sons: And the Kings on the other hand think they receive another Moyety of Heaven, and the other of earth, ſo often as they call them Father; and yet this Title ſerves to no other end, but to depreſs and abaſe Kings in the preſence of the Popes, and to exalt Popes to an unbecoming loftineſs in the preſence of Kings. For as for any thing elſe in it, 'tis all but ſmoak. And friend *Marforio*, a little to Diſcourſe the truth: Whether do Divine or Humane Laws oblige us to bear a more entire affection to our Children or our Nephews? Thou wilt certainly conclude we ought chiefly to cheriſh our Children. Now this Rule is utterly defeated by the Popes: for they pillage and ſack the Church to enrich themſelves, and then leave their Nephews their Heirs, without ever ſo much as a ſmall Legacie to their Sons. Witneſs *Urban* VIII. *Innocent* X. and *Alex-*

Alexander VII. who left above 700000 of Piſtols to their Nephews, and only the bare Title of Son to the poor Emperour, who had almoſt all his life-long defended them againſt the Infidels. For my part, had I ſuch a Father, I would give him to the Devil a thouſand times a day.

Marſor. *Prethee don't be angry, but proceed, and let's know the iſſue of the Old Mans kindneſs to thee.*

Paſq. Why, ſeeing me alone (for my *Frenchman* upon particular buſineſs had left me) he offered to be my Guide, and to accompany me to all places wherein I deſired to ſatisfie my Curioſity. In the firſt place he carried me up a very high pair of Stairs into an Apartment that lookt towards Heaven; whither being arrived, he bid me look upwards, where methoughts I ſaw the Mother of our Saviour ſhining with brightneſs and Glory; but ſeeing neither Pearls, nor Jewels, nor precious Stones, nor Gold nor Silver upon her, I bagan a little to muſe with my ſelf; which my new Friend taking notice of, aſkt me the Reaſon of it; I told him,

I had often had the opportunity to ſee the Mother of our Saviour at *Loretto*, but there ſhe was ſo loaden with Jewels and Gold-ſmiths-work, of an ineſtimable value, that I could not but be a little ſtartled to ſee her now without any of thoſe Ornaments. He preſently replied, that I was mightily deceived, for that our Lady of *Loretto* was no Mother of our Saviour, but rather the Mother of the Prieſts, for that ſhe maintained them, not only giving them food, but many conſiderable ſums, to guzzle down and waſte at their pleaſure; and that 'twas Hereſie to think there could be any correſpondence or agreement between the Mother of our Redeemer who was in the Heavens, and that Nurſe or Mother of Prieſts upon Earth. 'Tis very likely, replied I; and yet thoſe pious people that make her ſo great Offerings, think they depoſite them into the very hands of the Mother of God that is in Heaven, and hope for her grace and favour in recompence. Would to God, replied he, it were ſo; but thoſe poor zealous Fools deſpoil themſelves of their goods only

only to enrich thoſe Prieſts, who chouſe them with Fables they buz into their belief; ſo that they cheat them not only of their mony, but of the reward they hoped for. I have my ſelf, continued he, been about fifteen times at *Loretto*, to implore ſome favours I ſtood in need of, and which our Prieſt made me hope I ſhould infallibly obtain; nor did I ever go empty-handed, and yet always returned with the regret of having obtained nothing of my Suit. But what's moſt worth obſervation is, that our Curate ſtill obſerving me to return empty, told me for my comfort, that it was want of faith in me, which had occaſioned the not obtaining my deſires: to which I durſt anſwer nothing, becauſe I then lived in the Other World, where the Inquiſiton is rampant; but I would thus reaſon with my ſelf: It is enough that the Prieſts have accepted my Offerings, and I need care for no more. But being now come into a place where Truth cannot lie hid, I ſoon perceived the Errours into which ſo many miſerable Souls are plunged. And it aſtoniſhes me to think, that

that *Chriſtians* can imagine there ſhould be Simony in Heaven, which the Popes would have baniſhed from Earth. For 'tis a Deviliſh thing, that whilſt the Popes have by a ſtrict and ſevere Bull ordained, that neither under pretext of Almes, nor Offering, nor Payment, nor any other pretence whatſoever, any the leaſt thing ſhould be received for any Benefice, Indulgence, or any thing of the like nature; and yet notwithſtanding the *Chriſtians* of *Rome* ſuffer themſelves to be abuſed by the Tales the Prieſts tell 'um, acting ſolemn Simony, and bargaining with Heaven under pretence of Vows; one promiſing a ſilver Candleſtick to our Lady of *Loretto*, another a Flambo to St. *Nicholas Tolentine*; ſome a ſilver Statue to St. *Anthony* of *Padoua*, and others ſomething elſe to ſome other Saint, on condition they hear their Prayers and grant their deſires; with reſerve, that their Vow ſtill be null and void, unleſs God give a favourable anſwer to their demands. And I know at preſent, where in a Great Princes Gallery ſtands the Front of an Altar of maſſive Silver which the

the Princeſs had cauſed to be founded for an Offering to St. *Charles*, in caſe that by his Interceſſion ſhe obtained a certain Grace ſhe requeſted of Heaven. But it ſtill remains there, becauſe the Ladies Prayers were not heard; his Highneſs ſlighting her Vow, becauſe her Saint had ſlighted his Altar. This Example put me in mind of another, which I would needs tell my Friend; which is, That a *Roman* Lady proving barren, and having married a man very deſirous of Children, ſhe recommended her ſelf to the Prayers of a *Teatine* Father that was her Confeſſor, uſing mean while all natural and neceſſary means to obtain this Grace. In ſhort, after two years Prayers made by this good Father in the Ladies Chamber, evident ſignes of a big-belly appeared: At which the Confeſſor and Lady were mightily rejoyced, and poſſeſſed the good Huſband that it proceeded from a Vow his Wife had made to St. *Gaeten*. Whereupon the poor man cauſed a Statue of Silver to be founded, to offer to this Saint by the hands of his Wife; and which was beſt of all (ſaid

I) before the preſenting of this Offering, the Confeſſor made the Good Man and his Wife kneel before the Altar of the Saint, whilſt he bleſt them; and the reſt of the Monks ſtood by, extremely jolly at the Devotion.

Marſor. *Thou haſt convinced me; I ſhall never believe in theſe Vows again. But what ſaid that Venerable Perſon to theſe Stories?*

Paſq. He laught a little, yet very modeſtly. But when I aſked him, where were the other Mothers of God, he burſt out into a louder laughter; and thus replied: Doſt thou then believe, ſaid he, that God hath more than one Mother, or that there are more than one God? I made anſwer, No. For I had ever believed that there was but one God, and one Virgin-Mother of God; but what I had done, was only to ſatisfie my ſelf concerning what I had oft heard talked at *Rome* concerning the Mother of God, or our Lady of the *Roſario*, our Lady *del Carmine*, our Lady *del Popolo*, and a mighty parcel more of the Mothers of God. Indeed, replied he, the poor people of *Rome* ſtood

ſtood in great need of our Lady of *Loretto*, to lend them ſome Treaſure to free them from the intolerable ſurcharges the Popes Nephews have laid on their backs. It would be much better, ſaid I, if that people would ſeek ſome Lady like her that won the Victory againſt the *Turks*, that at length by her means, they might deliver themſelves from the Tyranny of the Popes Nephews. Let's forbear any further Diſcourſe, ſaid he, of any of theſe fictitious Ladies, which the Prieſts have invented, as the Poets found out plurality of Deities; and let's go down and view the Curioſities of the *Vatican*. No, pray, ſaid I, firſt let me ſee the Saints, which are the Senators of Heaven, and the Advocates of Earth; for I can perceive none here, though there be ſuch an infinite number in the world. But my requeſt diſpleaſing him, he reproached me for my ſimplicity; and thus replied: By what I perceive, ſaid he, thou art of a belief that the Almighty is grown ſo Old, that he has not ſtrength enough to govern the World without the aſſiſtance of others, and therefore

has called the Saints to help him. Seeing him grow angry, I endeavoured to appeaſe him; telling him, I never had ſuch a thought, but that I always believed, God alone governed the world without the aid or aſſiſtance of any one; but the Worſhipful Prieſts had made poor Chriſtians believe, that God did nothing without the Interceſſion of his Saints. At which he interrupted me, by telling me, that as the Prieſts now ſerved their own turns upon the ignorance of the people; ſo the people ſhould one day repent their too much credulity to the Prieſts: for thoſe who had read the Holy Scripture, would be careful of running themſelves into perdition, by giving too much ear to the Prieſts Leſſons.

Marſor. *I perceive he had knowledge of the Plague at preſent reigning among Chriſtians.*

Paſq. Upon this we came down the Stairs, and at the foot of them, he aſked me, if I were ſatisfied. I told him, I was ſo far from that, that my Curioſity was but heightned; for my deſigne was at firſt only to ſee the Popes,

and

and my desires grew fiercer by delay. Methinks the *Romans*, replied he, are very foolish, to desire to see more of the Popes, whom in my mind they should have already seen so much of, that it is now high time to free themselves from that Pestilence which ruines the liberty of Princes, & troubles the repose of their people. But since thou hast a Curiosity to see the *Popes*, march on, I'll be thy Convoy, as well to shew thee the way, as to support thee, lest thy heels be tript up, and thou fall down one of those indiscoverable precipices, which are ordinarily about their abode, and which are not to be discerned till too late. At the end of a hideous Cavern, stood a stately Hall, square, very high, and of an admirable Structure, but which trembled like an Aspine-leaf. I would fain have got away from it, rather than gone nearer; fearful lest this mighty Machine should tumble on my head, and bury me in its ruines: But my Companion heartned me, by telling me there was no danger, for the time of the destruction of that place was not yet come. Encouraged with

this aſſurance, I went forward, to diſcover how it could be, that a Machine ſo fair, and built with ſuch ſtrong Walls, ſhould totter like a reed, quavering with every breath of Wind.

Marfor. *It muſt needs be a very myſterious Fabrick; for it is a thing contrary to the order of Nature, Mother of all Beings.*

Paſq. I'll tell thee, thus it was: This Hall was ſupported by a great multitude of Prieſts and Monks, who bore it upon their backs, with their knees on the ground, and their hands reſting upon their knees; and there were ſome likewiſe that begun to put their hands to the ground, and looked like four-footed Beaſts rather than reaſonable men: but becauſe I could not well ſee all this, without putting likewiſe my knees to the ground, I was forced to do it, to ſatisfie my Curioſity; nor had I any reaſon to repent it, the pleaſure fully recompenſing the pain; for it was a great delight to conſider the ſeveral poſtures of theſe poor Prieſts and Fryers; ſome ſtruck their very Noſes againſt the ground; others en-

endeavoured and ſtrugled to raiſe themſelves up; and others again laid themſelves flat along, to leave the burden to their Camerades; moſt were curſing and railing againſt thoſe had made them Supporters of that Fabrique. Behinde them were a great quantity of people ſhouldring the Walls of this Building, and ſtriving with ſuch might and main to overturn it, that the ſweat ran down their brows in channels. At wch much wondring, I aſkt my Friend the reaſon; who gave me this account: Thoſe which you ſee upholding this great Fabrique, are Doctors and Divines of the *Romiſh* Church, who would willingly eaſe themſelves of the burthen, becauſe it is hard to bear; but it is now impoſſible for them to relieve themſelves from a puniſhment ordained them for their ſins. At firſt they ſtood upright, and bore it on their heads; but at length, oppreſſed with the inſupportable weight of that heavy Maſs, they bowed their heads, and let the burthen lie on their buttocks; but they not being ſtrong enough to ſupport it, they returned it to their

ſhoulders, where they bore it a long time; till ſtrength failing them, they were forced to arch themſelves in the manner you now behold them. And thoſe who are endeavouring to overturn all, are the Doctors and Divines of diſſenting Religions, who vigorouſly labour to overwhelm this whole Fabrick; & had long ere this done it, had it not been for the ſupplies they daily receive from the kindneſs of Princes favouring them. Saying which, he ſhewed me at the four corners of the Hall, four Princes continually employed in throwing up Buttreſſes, which held it yet firm; becauſe, as faſt as the other ſtrove to overwhelm it, they threw in ſupports that they had ready in hand, to prevent its falling; which they did with ſuch nimbleneſs, that it was hard, nay, almoſt impoſſible to judge which were more active and diligent, the one to maintain, or the other to overthrow this Machine.

Marſor. *What Princes were they, concerned themſelves ſo much in the upholding this Building?*

Paſq. The *Emperour*, the King of *Spain*,

Spain, and the King of *Poland*, who aſſiſted at three Corners; and ſeveral Confederate Princes, as well *Germans* as *Italians*, who laboured at the fourth. However, it was the *Emperour* and King of *Spain* who gave the greateſt ſupply, and wrought the moſt vigorouſly towards its ſupport.

Marſor. *I have ever heard that* France *and the Republique of* Venice *contributed very much towards the upholding the* Vatican. *How came they not to be here? Not a word of them?*

Paſq. Fair and ſoftly, thou doſt not give me time to tell all. I ſhould have ſpoke of them in their turns; but ſince thou art ſo impatient, let me tell you by the way, that *France* and the *Venetians* defend the *Vatican* only politickly, that is, with moderation: And though theſe Powers were more eager ſome Ages paſt, to fly to the defence of the Popes, when they beheld them oppreſſed, either by the Ambition of the Emperours, or the Forces of Hereticks, and never conſidered, neither the Diſtreſſes nor Oppreſſions they laid upon their Eſtates; yet their principal aim was

was neither to ſuccour nor aſſiſt the Popes, thereby to make them the more inſolent (having Judgment enough to foreſee what in the end happened, that thoſe good Souls once ſwell'd with Greatneſs, or rather fatned up with the Protection of theſe two Dominions, would laugh at, and contemn the Obligations they ought them, and like Mules kick againſt thoſe that fed them:) No; they did it only to gain the Reputation of Piety and Zeal to Religion among their people: Wherefore ever ſince they have marched with leaden heels, and very gingerly, to the Popes aſſiſtance. And at laſt indeed, I came to that Quarter of the Hall which they ſupported only with light Piles, obſerving their Policie was to let this Fabrique be battered, but not to let it fall; taking pleaſure to ſee it ſhake and totter, but not tumble: Nay, they heartned the Aſſailors againſt it, and encouraged them to the Aſſault; but when they ſaw it begin to quail under the Enemies Forces, then they gave their helping hands, and planted their piles, as loath to ſee it overwhelmed. Marſor.

Marfor. *I can't but think, this muſt certainly be the reſidence of the Popes, all the particulars you have told inclining me to ſuppoſe it ſo; 'twould therefore be a ſilly Queſtion to ask it.*

Paſq. There needs not much Aſtrology to Divine it, and I preſently conjectured it, before my good Guide had ſpoke one Word of it; though it's true, he ſoon confirmed my firſt thoughts.

Marfor. *But why then do not the* Emperour, *and the King of* Spain, *and other Princes that keep ſuch a coyl to ſuſtain and uphold this place, arm themſelves againſt thoſe that endeavour to o'rethrow it? for it's better to defeat our enemies at firſt, than let them ſet fire on our houſes, and put us to the trouble of quenching it.*

Paſq. Certain it is, that the *Spaniards* and the *Emperour* had diſturbed the peace of all the world, and turned all *Europe* topſie-turvy (as they have formerly done) by their violent Remedies, did not the King of *France* and Republique of *Venice* reſtrain them. Thoſe two Dominions judge of matters

of

of Religion, by the Laws of Policie; while contrariwiſe, the other Princes judge of matters of Policie according to the Laws of Religion. The King of *France* and Commonwealth of *Venice* know very well, that if the Heretiques did not mortifie the Pope and his Eccleſiaſtiques, theſe Gentlemen would certainly become Heretiques againſt Princes: whereupon they ſometimes favour the Proteſtants and their Party; not deſigning to defend their Religion, but by their Religion to mortifie the Pope. For my part, I'll promiſe thee, I never took more delight, than in that little time I ſtaid without this Papal Manſion. For the *Emperour* and King of *Spain* were ſtill kicking and wincing againſt thoſe endeavoured to ſhake it, labouring to beat out their brains with their feet; which the King of *France* and *Venetians* perceiving, warded their blows, ſo that they only beat the Air.

Marfor. *And doſt thou think it well done, to protect thoſe who labour the deſtruction of the Papal Majeſty?*

Paſq. If the Popes ſeek to ruine the Maje-

Majeſty of Princes, why ſhould not Princes endeavour to mortifie Popes? You muſt diſtinguiſh between Mortification and Deſtruction: for the King of *France* and *Venetian* ſeek only to mortifie, not deſtroy the Papal Greatneſs. Moſt certain it is, they do more good to the Church than all other Princes, who would deſtroy all the World to pleaſe the Pope. When there is occaſion of Service for the Church, which is the Spouſe of *Chriſt*, the King of *France* and the *Venetians* are more eager and zealous than the *Spaniards*, though they are reputed ſuch extraordinary good *Catholiques*: but when any thing is acted againſt the Popes Intereſt, then the *Spaniards* are moſt violent; and the *French* and *Venetians*, if they do not quite retire, yet content themſelves to move only with a natural and moderate heat. And why all this? Becauſe the *Spaniſh* zeal tends more to the good and advantage of the Pope, than that of the Church; while the zeal of the others regards more the Churches Intereſt, than the Popes advantage.

Marſor.

Marfor. *I comprehend theſe Reaſons very well; and they make me believe that the* Spaniards *are good Catholiques for the Popes, and great Heretiques for the Church; and on the contrary, the* French *and* Venetians *great Catholiques for the Church, and Heretiques to Popes.*

Paſq. You're i'th' right; but to return to the purpoſe: After having well conſidered the outſide of this Machine, I was curious to viſit the inſide; but I had not the courage to attempt it, though I ſaw a door to be entred at, by aſcending a pair of Stairs of only three or four Degrees, but ſtaid expecting when that Venerable Perſon that was my Conductor, ſhould ſhew me the way; which he of his own accord did, by going up firſt. We were no ſooner up the Stairs, but we beheld in the Hall a great number of Popes, every one ſet in a Chair incorporated into the Wall. I, who knew the reſpect ordinarily paid in the *Vatican* of *Rome*, went forward very gingerly, my knees ſeeming as it were to tremble; nay, I was retired behind a Pillar, to teſtifie the more reſpect

ſpect to that place: which when my good Friend, who marched freely up and down, eſpied, he burſt out a laughing; and coming up to me, thus began to cenſure me: Thou ſmelleſt too much (ſaid he) of the Citizen of *Rome*, that is, one acquainted but ſlenderly with the nature of the Court, or *Vatican*; for the *Romans* are juſt like fiſh that are bred in Salt-water, and yet are freſh themſelves. Juſt ſo are they, who only live, becauſe the *Vatican* ſuſtains life in them, whilſt yet they underſtand not at all of what nature the *Vatican* is. But it grieves me, a man of thy make, that knows ſo many other fine things, ſhould be plunged in ſuch Cockney-ignorance; prethee therefore learn, that it fares with modeſt men that go to Court, juſt as it do's with baſhful people ſitting at a *French* Table, who ſtriving to appear nice and civil, the *French*, accuſtomed to a liberty, fall briſkly to, and eat up all; ſo that riſing up with empty bellies, they inwardly curſe themſelves for their too much modeſty and civility.

Marſor. *It ſeems then in* France, *no Com-*

Complements muſt be uſed, but ones hand be as quick in the Diſh as anothers.

Paſq. Yes ſurely, unleſs you intend to keep Good-*Friday*, when others keep their *Eaſter*; but let me continue my Friends Diſcourſe. Know then *Paſquin* (ſaid he to me) that a *French* freedom is to be uſed at Court; that is to ſay, you muſt be a little impudent, or rather not a little impudent, and like a Furriers needle, pierce through ſkin and fur at once, march briſkly every where, thruſt your Noſe into every buſineſs, ferret even into the Cabinet-Councels, freely demand what you want, and boldly declare your deſires, ſnatch your meat without ſtaying till 'tis offered you, and Hector even the Maſter of the Houſe himſelf, if he don't preſent you beyond your aſking. This is the *French* way of acting where-ever they have any concern; and all other Nations ſhould do the like whenever they would go to Court, otherwiſe they may come out again as empty as they went in. Fruits never fall from the trees till they are rotten and periſhed; ſo that whoever would have

have them uſeful and of good ſavour, muſt ſtretch out his arm and pluck them. In the *Vatican*, baſhfulneſs is more ruinous than all Vices: he that would have any grace at Court, muſt demand it; he that would have favour muſt ſeek it; and he that will not be put by, muſt of neceſſity go forward. Thoſe who Govern in the *Vatican* are ordinarily deaf, or hard of hearing; you muſt therefore raiſe your voice when you ſpeak to them; or elſe they are generally pur-blind, and then you do nothing unleſs you come up cloſe to them; and if that will not do, pull them by the Coat, tell them who you are, boldly declare your buſineſs; and as *Jacob* did with the Angel, never leave them till you have got their bleſſing. Then again, if they will be deaf, you muſt claſp them faſt behind, and clapping your mouth to their ears, bawl out, as loud as a blind man that has loſt his Staff, or like the Jews gaping after their Meſſias; and never leave reiterating your demands, till they have given you ſome evident mark that they underſtand all your Affair. Un-

happy are they that ſtay at the Gates of the *Vatican*, expecting the Alms of a Benefice to drop into their mouths. 'Tis a place that muſt be opened with violence, and entred with the Sword of St. *Paul*: for they are the Popes that keep the Keys; and 'tis their nature, as 'tis of all other Courtiers, to deſpiſe all ſuch as pay them ſo much eſteem; and contrariwiſe, eſteem all thoſe deſpiſe them. Thoſe who are devout, ſweet-natured, humble, and meek, may ſtand long enough bare-headed; but the inſolent, the proud, and the raſh preſently find a Hat to cover their heads: for 'tis not the Pope that diſpoſes of Hats, or Biſhopricks, or Benefices, or Abbeys, but 'tis the Pretenders themſelves that ſnatch them; therefore, Maſter *Paſquin*, if you deſigne to be modeſt in this place, you may e'ne truſs up your Trinkets and be packing.

Marfor. *Theſe words certainly put thee in good heart, and ſet thee agog to go forward.*

Paſq. They heartned me ſo much, that advancing preſently from behind the Pillar, whither I was withdrawn

out

out of reſpect, I paſſed briſkly into the midd'ſt of my Lords the Popes, ſtrutting with my arms a *Kembo*, like a Hector of *Holborn*.

Marſor. *Sure they were madded to ſee thee in that poſture: But was there none of them that knew thee?*

Paſq. I believe not, or at leaſt they had no mind to do it; nor was I much troubled at it, becauſe I knew it was the cuſtome of the Popes never to talk familiarly, but with thoſe they had a mind to know. And beſides, the Hall was very large, and I being now got into the middle of it, their ſight could hardly reach me, nor mine well them, at leaſt to know one another. Wherefore I reſolved to proceed, & beginning at one place, go round to it again; drawing therefore near the ſide, I began one by one to obſerve the Countenances of theſe Holy Fathers, my Conductor going ſide by de with me. The firſt of them no ſooner eſpied me approaching him, but he took out a pair of Spectacles, and with them, for ſome time very fixedly conſidered me. And ſoon after taking them off

his Noſe, returned them into their caſe; and pulling out another pair ſomewhat leſs than the other, he obſerved me in like manner, for about as much longer. This I did not much wonder at, becauſe firmly believing him very old, I thought he might be ſhort-ſighted, and made uſe of two ſorts of Spectacles, one for a ſmaller, and the other for a larger diſtance, and that he had miſtaken in the firſt putting them on, the one for the other; but ſeeing afterwards that all the reſt as we paſt them, did the like, I begun infinitely to admire at it, as well becauſe I could not believe all Popes ſhort-ſighted, or if they were, yet methought they ſhould not all uſe two pair of Spectacles. My good Conductor ſoon perceived my aſtoniſhment; and to deliver me from thoſe imaginations were creeping in my mind, told me: *Paſquin*, ſaid he, I ſee thou art wondring to behold in what manner the Popes uſe to look at all thoſe come near them; but thou ſhouldſt rather have wondred, if thou hadſt obſerved their regards to be like other mens; for 'tis their nature to do all things *arſie-varſie*,

varſie, or by contraries; perhaps to make themſelves known to be Gods, and not men: for they act nothing at all like men, as indeed they are; and leſs like Gods, as they pretend to be. Thoſe Spectacles which thou ſeeſt their uſe, have a very particular quality: for of the two pair, one ſhews them things infinitely greater than they are indeed; and the other on the contrary, contracts them into ſo ſmall a compaſs, as diſfigures their very nature; ſo that when they would make a Fly an Elephant, they put on the firſt pair; and when they would make an Elephant a Fly, they change them for the other. I no ſooner heard this, but I began to reflect on the *Vatican* at *Rome*, and thus to diſcourſe with my ſelf: I now begin to apprehend the Reaſon why ſo many poor Prelates, that are men of Honour, and perſons of Merit, who had long ſerved the Church, with much faith, pains, and ſweat, have been forced to return to their own Manſions without other Recompence, than the liberty of leaving *Rome* as faſt as they could; whilſt on the contrary, many that were

cloathed with Scandal as with a Garment, and deserved a Gibbet rather than any kind of Honour, have as soon as they have entred *Rome*, mounted to the highest Degrees of the Prelacie, to the great astonishment and heart-breaking of all good *Christian* people.

Marfor. *I must confess, I have been often grieved to see things carried so, and would gladly know the true cause of it.*

Pasq. You may forbear grieving your self at it, if you please; but the Popes, I'll assure you, will never forbear acting after this manner.

Marfor. *But since thou hast seen them put on and pull off their Spectacles, thou mayst tell me the Reason of it; and do not let me wait longer with impatience to know it.*

Pasq. To be well informed of all these affairs of the *Vatican*, you must take the pains to go see it; but you don't care to take that trouble upon you, but must have your meat chewed, or be fed with a spoon; so long as you have me who have made it my pastime to pry and enquire into the faults of the

the *Vatican*, to inform you at your eaſe, which indeed friendſhip in ſome meaſure obliges me the more willingly to do. Know then, that when his moſt Illuſtrious Excellencie, Brother to our Holy Father the Pope, or his moſt Reverend Eminencie, Nephew to his Holineſs, would favour ſome young Lord, new hatcht, and juſt come out of the Egg-ſhell, who never ſaw the Court but on the outſide, and that with a Proſpective; What do's he do to compaſs it? Why, he claps you upon the Popes Noſe a pair of Spectacles of ſuch admirable Workmanſhip and Art, that they make this little Monſieur look like any great Lord; whence it comes, that the poor Pope cheated with theſe falſe lights, takes this *Jack-a-Lent* for ſome mighty man, and thereupon gives him a Biſhoprick, a Nuntio's Employ, or perhaps a Cardinals Cap; whilſt all the able Prelates of the Court, who thought themſelves worthy of ſuch Charges, break their heads with knocking them together, to conſult how this could come about; and they may knock till Dooms-day, unleſs they finde out the

true qualities of the Spectacles. And becauſe that their Eminencies the Nephews, and their Excellencies the Brothers of the Holy Fathers the Popes are naturally inclined to abhor, and have by inſtinct an averſion to prefer Perſons of Worth and Merit; What do'ſt think they do, to rob them of thoſe Honours are their legitimate right? They no ſooner diſcover any one coming nigh the Pope with a great bundle of Services performed for the Church, and with infinite Merits to requeſt a Recompence for ſo much pains as he has taken, but they put upon the Holy Fathers Noſe a pair of Spectacles that have the quality to leſſen Objects, in ſuch manner, that but at four paces diſtance, a mighty Tower ſhall ſeem but a ſingle Stone: whereby it happens, that that Mountain of Merits which this good Prelate brought with him, looks in the Popes eyes only like a little Mole-hill; whereupon he is ſent away empty, without any manner of Recompence. And which is worſe, theſe Eminent Nephews laugh not only at the good Prelate whom they have

have thus wronged, but at their Unkle whom they have ſo cunningly cheated and abuſed.

Marſor. *Then 'tis not the Popes fault, who is cheated; but rather his Nephews who cheat him thus.*

Paſq. No, no; the fault can only be imputed to the Popes, who ſuffer themſelves to be cheated; and that for two Reaſons. Firſt, for bringing their Nephews into the *Vatican*, and giving them there ſuch abſolute Command: And next, for letting them put ſuch Spectacles on their Noſes, and loving rather to ſee with thoſe falſe eyes their Nephews lend them, than with thoſe Nature has beſtowed on them. In the Infancie of the Church, when the Popes look'd out of their own eyes, without borrowing their Nephews Spectacles, the deſert of people was well known, and meaſured according to its proper Nature; that is, according as a Prelate grew up in worth, and in the progreſs of his Services performed to the Church, the Popes never failed to advance him to Honours, and gave him Dignities proportionable to his Services,

ces; by which the people were much edified, and that obliged them to cheriſh thoſe Popes, who acted ſo equitably, and adore them as if they had been Saints.

Marſor. *How happy would it be for the Church at preſent, if ſuch Popes lived in our times! and how happy were thoſe times in ſuch Popes!*

Paſq. Certainly they were: but if things continue as they are, Woe to *Chriſtendom*; for all the World begins to grow faint and weary of the Service of the Church of God. And whoever ſhall take the pains to conſider the Court of *Rome*, in the eſtate wherein it has been for an Age or two paſt, will find the Extravagancies of it ſo great, that were there a Book made of the *Metamorphoſis* of *Rome*, they would certainly far excel thoſe of *Ovid*. But it's better let it alone, leſt we make the whole Chriſtian World (already weeping for her diſorders) ſhed more tears.

Marſor. *I would fain know whether the Popes Nephews make uſe of the ſame Spectacles they give to their Unkles.*

Paſq.

Paſq. Yes marry do they; and ſince they have the Supreme Authority in making them, they cauſe thoſe deſigned for their own uſe, to be made of a finer and more ſubtile Temper, than thoſe they gave to their Unkles.

Marſor. *But when is it they make uſe of them? or in what do they employ them? And whom do they look upon through them? Prethee tell me, for I long to hear all.*

Paſq. Lord bleſs us! I tell thee only things that have paſſed at *Rome*, and which you might have been as well acquainted with as I; but 'tis the ordinary misfortune of all that live in that City, that they never know what paſſes in the *Vatican*, where nothing but their deſtruction is contrived. The Nephews do at all times and ſeaſons make uſe of theſe Spectacles, except on ſome days when they treat of ſolemn Affairs; for then they ſuffer themſelves to be blindly carried away, and ſwayed by a fond and idle paſſion crept into their heads, that they may Govern all things according to their faneie, and that without any debate or conſideration.

tion. But except on theſe days, they always make uſe of them in this manner: When it comes in Queſtion in what manner they ſhall recompenſe one of their Domeſtiques, who has a long time ſerved them, they take thoſe Spectacles that leſſen Objects, to conſider the Services they have received; but when they are to look upon the Recompence they are to give, they change thoſe, and take the Spectacles that magnifie: thus taking delight in flattering themſelves that they are generous; and imagining they have given a large reward, and highly recompenſed Services, with what is indeed hardly other than imaginary, and only ſeemed great, becauſe the Spectacles made it ſo. But then again, when they are to receive any thing, they put on their leſſening Spectacles, by which means they are never ſatisfied. For when a Prelate of *Genoua*, that is to ſay, one of thoſe that purchaſe the Purple-robe with the moſt Pence, gave them fifty thouſand Crowns, the moſt Worſhipful Nephews preſently putting on their little Spectacles, they ſeem'd to them then ſo little,

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as if there had not been above a thouſand; and continued with a moſt inſatiable avarice to demand more.

Marfor. *I apprehend now the meaning, or rather the Reaſon why their* Eminencies *the Nephews never take notice, nor make any matter of all the injuries and revilings thrown upon them, treating them like Thieves and Rakehels, ſuch as are unfit to tread upon the earth; becauſe that themſelves looking upon all their Thefts through theſe little Spectacles, they don't think them worth their concern, being matters of ſo ſmall moment.*

Paſq. God be praiſed, *Marforio*, thou haſt once ſaid a good thing, and a pleaſant one; for without jeſting, 'tis nothing but truth. And indeed, if the Popes Nephews would but look upon the Robberies they commit, as they are in their proper Nature, and without the help of their borrowed eyes, they would have a care of committing ſo many. For Thievery ſhould be acted cloſely and cunningly, and with great diſcretion, or elſe it will come to be ſoon diſcovered by every one that caſt

their

their eyes that way. But theſe Gentlemen rob with ſo much rapaciouſneſs, and ſo little fore-caſt, that all the World (even to the Boys in the ſtreet) diſcern it, and all becauſe they rob with thoſe plaguy Spectacles, that make Crown-pieces look like Farthings. And from hence proceeds their Rhodomontadoes to the people, and their threatning them, after having fleeced them; as if the poor people that are rob'd, deſerved greater puniſhment than their *Eminencies* the Nephews, who rob even the Altars of Chriſt.

Marſor. *Yet methinks we ſhould bear with the Infirmities of theſe poor Raſkals the Nephews, ſince 'tis from their Spectacles, and not from them, all this miſchief proceeds. And I ſhould think it no hard matter to remedy it, if we would follow the Maximes of Philoſophers, which teach*, That the Cauſe taken away, the Effect ceaſes.

Paſq. They deſerve both compaſſion and puniſhment too: Compaſſion, becauſe the Devil hurries them and eggs them forward to all this Wickedneſs; and Puniſhment, becauſe they do not reſiſt the

the Temptation of the Devil, ſpurring them on to act ſuch ſcandalous Crimes, in the face of the whole World. When a Servant has a deſigne to rob his Maſter, he never takes his whole Purſe, but do's it by little and little, and cunningly; filches now a Guiney, and then a Guiny. If the Popes Nephews would but do ſo, they would appear to have ſome Judgment, they would be thought to uſe ſome moderation in their Thievery, and to be diſcreet Raſkals, though it were but for fear of being taken for publike Thieves; which makes me believe, that they themſelves imagine they Pilfer indeed but a little, and that no body perceives it; elſe ſurely they would have ſome regard to their Reputation. The Remedy indeed, would be very good, if we could ſnatch from their eyes thoſe curſed Spectacles, which make their Robberies look ſo little, that their Confeſſors themſelves think them of too ſmall conſequence to engender a ſin. But this Remedy is unpracticable; for thoſe Spectacles are incorporate and incarnate in them, by reaſon of his Holineſs Benediction.

Marſor.

Marſor. *Let's talk then of ſomething elſe. How do thoſe Popes thou ſaw'ſt employ themſelves all day long?*

Paſq. I'm aſhamed to tell thee. However I'll do't, that thou mayſt ſhare in my bluſhes. Some praiſe the Works they have done; and others paſs the time, and employ themſelves in doing ſomething worthy of Memory. And what doſt think the utmoſt of that is? Why, it conſiſts either in introducing the Adoration of the Croſs into the Church, cauſing it to be ſet upon a Pedeſtal repreſenting Mount *Calvary*; Commanding Prayers for the Dead; Diſtributing Canonical Hours; Forbidding Marriage to the Clergy; Reforming the Breviary; Adding or Retrenching ſomething from the *Antiphones*; Bleſſing ſome Medal; Forbidding the Eating of Fleſh in Lent; Varying the Habits of Prieſts and Monks; Commanding Lamps to be conſtantly burning in the Churches; Conſecrating the Stones of Altars; Tranſporting the Bodies of Saints from one Church to another; Confining Monks to their Cloyſters; Ordaining Pillars or

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Pyramids to be ſet up before Churches; Varying the Colours of Habits for the Celebration of the Maſs; Canonizing and placing in the number of Saints, men of vicious lives, but ſo long ſince dead, their Vices might not be remembred; Placing Images upon the Altars; Conferring Priviledges on Mendicant Friers; Suffering and permitting Hermitages in the Foreſts, that Travellers under that pretence may be more ſecurely robbed; Forbidding Marriage between Goſſips; Multiplying the number of Biſhopricks; Ordaining the Reliques of Saints to be kiſs'd and adored; Appointing ſet forms of Conjuring Devils; Forbidding thoſe in Religious Orders to yield Obedience to the Sovereigns under which they live; Ordaining a Croſs on the Popes Pantofle; Commanding Incenſe to be offered to Images; Granting Temporal and Perpetual Indulgences; and a hundred thouſand like Toys, to which they applied all their Studie.

Marſor. *Thou couldſt not but be mightily pleaſed, hearing and ſeeing theſe fine Employs.*

Pasq. I was even mad at heart, not knowing which way to turn my self, and that not so much to see the Popes apply themselves to things of such slender importance, as to behold them now utterly disinteressed and despoiled of the passion naturally haunts them to heap up money. And thus I argued with my self: How comes this to pass here? The Popes of *Rome* employ their thoughts in nothing but building stately Palaces for their Nephews, or in destroying those that others have erected with so much sweat and pain to eternize their Memory, and raising in their stead some little thing of their own; in imposing Taxes upon the miserable people, and oppressing them with Subsidies; in putting to inch of Candle the Offices and Benefices of the Church, with the Cry of *Who gives more?* In threatning Princes with War upon the smallest or no occasion; In seeking out rich Matches to advance their Families, and introduce so much Pride; In charging Bishopricks with Pensions; In letting loose the Reins to the Avarice of their Kindred, by giving them

them liberty to amaſs Treaſures; In robbing the Altars of Chriſt, to enrich the Walls of their Nephews Palaces; In appearing Liberal to thoſe that bring Preſents, and Covetous to Perſons of Merit; In ſnatching away Dignities out of their hands who do Service to the Church, and giving them to their own Slaves and Sodomites. In a word, In putting the whole Government of the Church, as well Temporal as Eccleſiaſtical, under the arbitrary will & power of a Brother or Nephew. Upon wch I made ſome particular reflexions, & at length told my Opinion to the Good Man that was with me; who anſwered me in this manner: Know, Friend *Paſquin*, ſaid he, that the Popes never change their nature, nor alter thoſe Inclinations they have once had, though Nature it ſelf ſuffer a change in them. And though thou imagineſt thou findeſt a ſtrange kinde of difference between this *Vatican* and that at *Rome*; that proceeds not at all from the nature of the Place, but the variation of the Time: for none of the preſent Popes get entrance here; thoſe Popes

thou behold'ſt here, are only of the Primitive Church, who never having been uſed to Thievery, nor fleſht in Sacriledge (poſſibly becauſe the Church had nothing at that time to be rob'd of) they employ'd themſelves all the day long in thoſe Fopperies thou now ſeeſt them exerciſe, only to keep them from Melancholy; but ſince the Popes began to have ſo vaſt a quantity of Lordſhips, and Vaſſals, and Treaſures to diſtribute, their thoughts were quite chang'd, and they appli'd themſelves to thoſe Exerciſes thou talk'ſt of, and which is the preſent practice of *Rome*. Be therefore ſatisfied to know, that all the Popes thou ſeeſt in this place are only ſuch as have liv'd holily, or at leaſt led pretty moderate lives, who have been ſworn enemies to their Kindred, nor have fixt their thoughts upon earthly Riches: but 'twas no ſooner known here that the Popes had chang'd their nature, and had renounc'd the love of Heaven, clothing themſelves with humane Paſſions and Affections, and dreamings of no ways but how to enrich their Nephews, to the great pre-

prejudice of all Chriſtendom; Heaven reſolved to ſhut their Gates againſt them; ſo that now 'tis two hundred years ſince any Pope entred this place. I was much amazed at what he told me, and had once more a curioſity to take a turn about the Hall, to conſider things; and I found in effect, that there was indeed but three Countenances amongſt them all that I knew; at which I was the more aſtoniſht, becauſe I had known at *Rome* all that had poſſeſt that high Dignity for two hundred years paſt, the juſt time ſince which (as he had informed me) thoſe Gates were ſhut.

Marſor. *And pray who were thoſe Popes you did know?*

Paſq. Adrian the VI. *Pius* V. and *Sixtus* V. whom I had a particular curioſity to obſerve very near, and told my thoughts to that Venerable Perſon, who attended me as Guide; becauſe methought it ſtrange how thoſe three could enter after the Gates were ſhut: but he told me, that the Doors were not unbar'd for them, but by ſpecial Grace and favour granted to the two firſt,

becauſe they had never advanced their Relations; and to the later, to wit, *Sixtus*, becauſe he had left ſuch vaſt Treaſures to the Church. Ah! cried I, Heaven regards with an exacter eye the actions of the Popes, than men can do, who dare not utter one word againſt them, though they ſee them plunder and pillage the very blood of the Church.

Marſor. *Heaven fears not to be loaden with Chains, and caſt into a Dungeon, as men in this world do.*

Paſq. Seeing there were none of the laſt Popes in this place, and among others miſſing *Alexander* VII. I was even mad at my ſelf for having loſt ſo much time & pains, and yet prove ſo unſuccesful in the deſign I had formed, to enquire into the condition, not of thoſe Popes who had left this World with the Reputation of Saints, but of thoſe who departed this World, leaving behind them no better than the reproachful name of Devils. And for an increaſe of my diſquiet, having aſked my Guide if he knew not where thoſe Popes were which deceaſed in the two laſt Centuries;

ries; he made me anſwer, he knew nothing of them, but that God had diſpoſed of them according to the ſecret Decrees of his Providence, and according to the Works they had done in *Rome:* yet ſaid he, you may be ſure they have juſtly deſerved Hell, for thoſe execrable extortions and tyrannies exerciſed by them upon the *Roman* people, to enrich their own Nephews and Kindred. However, I would not entertain ſuch uncharitable thoughts, nor preſently judge ſo ſeverely, but imagined they might yet be in Purgatory.

Marſor. *Thou ſhould then have ſtayd for them: for their Purification being finiſhed, they would certainly have come to accompany the others.*

Paſq. That's unſavoury counſel indeed: I could not have been ſuch a fool as to ſtay waiting for them, which perhaps I might have done (and in vain too) for ſeveral thouſands of Ages; nor was I certain whether theſe Popes were in Hell, or indeed in Purgatory: and had I been ſo, it had been a vanity to attend their coming out; ſince the Popes are not charged with

their own ſins onely, but likewiſe with thoſe of their Nephews, and many other poor Sinners, who had never committed any of thoſe ſins, but as they were the principal Cauſes and Authors of them; therefore might Purgatory be in all likelihood a kind of Hell to them.

Marſor. *But what didſt thou then do, having thus loſt thy longing?*

Paſq. Having caſhiered all thoſe troubleſome thoughts that boil'd in my head, and quench'd my deſire of ſeeing the Popes, I entertained a new fancie at leaſt of ſeeing their Nephews, though I went to Purgatory to do it; which the Good Man with me perceiving, was ſomewhat offended, and took it in ſuch ill part, that he reſolved to leave me, and went out firſt. And juſt as we came to the paſſing the laſt Gate of the *Vatican*, he diſappeared on a ſudden, which way I know not; ſo that I remained alone in a place which I neither knew, nor was I known to any one.

Marſor. *Poor* Paſquin! *I begin to pity thee: What reſolves couldſt thou make in this conjuncture?*

Paſq.

Paſq. I ſtood in ſuſpence, and like a man diſtracted, for above half an hour, or juſt like one in doubt whether he belongs to God or the Devil, were in Heaven or upon Earth, in Paradiſe or Hell; and I believe, whoever had ſeen me, would have taken me for a *Tom a Bedlam*, for I run raving about, ſeeking, but not knowing what to reſolve on. But at laſt ſeeing there was but one way, I thought it a forc'd put, and that follow it I muſt; which I did, with reſolution to purſue it till I got to the end of it. And thus having turned my back to the *Vatican*, I doubled my pace, running a dog-trot, that I might ſooner ſee the iſſue, and ſatisfie my longing. I had ſcarce marched two full hours, but I found my ſelf got into a great Court, encompaſſed about with very high Walls, which I beheld all curiouſly ſet forth with a thouſand Pictures of *Martyrs*, *Confeſſors*, *Monks*, *Nuns*, and *Hermits*. I could not but ſtand a good while admiring theſe Pictures, which indeed were very fine, and deſerved at leaſt to be gazed at, for the curioſity of their Deſignes.

Marſor.

Marſor. *Pray what ſuch curious Deſignes could there be?*

Paſq. You might there ſee Fathers forcing their Daughters to become Nuns; *Confeſſors* picking and culling out their Penitents; Prelates Negotiating for Benefices; Popes diſtributing Indulgences; Merchants buying Mules to cheat the Cardinals with; Miſſionaries labouring for the Converſion of Hereticks, and a hundred thouſand ſuch-like things. And 'twas worth ones time to conſider the ſeveral Poſtures theſe Figures were in; which while I was turning my ſelf about to do, Prieſt, or a man that had the full reſemblance of one, came up to me, and preſently, without ſo much as aſking *How do you?* ſhew'd me a great Gate, ſtanding in the very middle of one of the four Walls, and which I had ſeen well enough, and took particular notice before, but had no great deſire methought, to enter at it; becauſe I had, led by I know not what fancie, pitcht upon paſſing out at another leſſer Gate, which ſtood in the Wall directly oppoſite to me. But this Prieſt being come up

up to me (as I ſaid before) without ever aſking what I was? or how I came there? or whither I would go? counſelled me to paſs that great Gate which ſtood open, perſwading me with all the fine words and Rhetorick he could, it was the right way I was to take, and which would lead me to the perfection of my deſires: and talking thus, he led me, even almoſt by force, to the very threſhold. I for my part, who knew well enough what metal Prieſts and Monks are made of, and that 'tis their cuſtome ever to teach things averſe and contrary to all that the Apoſtles have taught, had it ſtill in my head to paſs the little Gate, which the good Prieſt had made me turn my back to: for I could not perſwade my ſelf, that the the great Gate could lead me into any good Path, ſince it was told me by a Prieſt. But notwithſtanding any averſion of mine, he ceaſed not his importunity in ſolliciting and urging me, nay, almoſt thruſting me on, to paſs it. Upon which I made this reflexion on my ſelf: What can be the event in it? (ſaid I to my ſelf) what can happen

to

to thee worſe than going to Hell? And if it ſhould come to that, thou art not the firſt that Prieſts have ſent thither: Why doſt fear or delay then? If it be Decreed that thou muſt, like the reſt of the world, be deceived by that Race, e'ne forward. Doſt think thy life dearer to thee, than that of Emperours, Kings and Princes, who have ſuffered themſelves to be led to Hell by the Friers and Prieſts? But what's all this ado for? (ſaid I again within my ſelf;) this man cannot be a Prieſt: for it's the Cuſtome of Prieſts never to open their mouths, or to utter the leaſt ſillable, till they have their fee in ready Caſh in their hands; and yet this man demands no mony of thee. 'Tis therefore impoſſible, let him look as like one as he will, that he ſhould be either Prieſt or Monk.

Marſor. *That was no ill Argument, on my word: But what didſt thou reſolve on?*

Paſq. E'ne to comply with the tempting Prieſt, and enter at the great Door, which I did; but it was worth obſervation, that I was no ſooner entred,

tred, but it clapt to, and the Prieſt remained without (for the Devil a ſtep would he follow, till he was forced) and I alone within it. Now to tell thee truth, I thought he was utterly gone, and that I was juſtly deceived to truſt to any of that Cloath; and the rather, when I conſidered how much difference there was between the inſide of the Gate where I now was, and the other: for here within was nothing but darkneſs and confuſion, whereas without was not only light, but politeneſs.

Marfor. *God knows how thy heart beat, being got into ſuch a place, and utterly unknown.*

Paſq. I muſt confeſs, I trembled every joynt of me, and would have given no ſmall matter to have been at the Gate *Del Popolo* in *Rome*; but ſeeing it impoſſible to get hence, unleſs the Gate were opened, I began to knock and call out to the Prieſt to open it; but I loſt my labour: for the Raſkal on the other ſide, let me bawl my heart out, did nothing but laugh till he was ready to ſplit. Had I had any mony,

I had offered it him, ſince 'tis the cuſtome of theſe Monks and Prieſts to fetch Souls out of Purgatory by the power of mony. For indeed in this darkneſs, barr'd out with ſo many bolts, and no way of eſcaping, I look'd ſo like a Soul in Purgatory, that thinking my ſelf truly there, I forbore crying out any more for pity; being certainly aſſured, that I ſhould get none whilſt I had no mony.

Marſor. *Methinks it is a great ſhame for Chriſtianity, that it ſhould be ſaid, the Prieſts will not deliver any Soul from Purgatory but for mony.*

Paſq. It is ſo; and what's worſe is, that all's done under the cloak of Devotion; and the rapacious avarice of the Monks is arrived to that height, that it is no longer believed an abuſe: for they have ſo bewitched the ſpirits of the people, that they take that for Alms and Charity, which is only perfect Theft, and Ambition of Rule. But let's ſtand no longer about the Door: no hopes was left me that way; and ſince I deſpair'd of returning, I reſolved to paſs forward, and purſue my Voyage,

Voyage, lead it whither it would: but to ſpeak truth, the more I went forward, the more I repented my Bargain, beginning to be aſſured, I ſhould very ſuddenly reach Hell, for I already ſaw evident tokens of it; as ſparkles of Fire, ſtinking of Brimſtone, together with a great heat of the earth under me, and ſhowers of Cinders from above; ſo that, in a word, I could not conceive this way could lead any whither elſe, than either to the Hell of the Damned, or to Mount *Veſuvius* in the Kingdom of *Naples*. But that which moſt of all afflicted me was, that from time to time I heard the lamentable groans of Humane voices, mixed with the roaring of Lyons, the howling of Wolves, the bleating of Goats, the neighing of Horſes, and ſuch-like dreadful ſounds that ſeem'd to be juſt before me, and yet I could ſee nothing in the world, nor perceive any perſon. I was now weary with travelling, and my breath began to fail me, becauſe of the great labour I had undergone; when I came to the end of that Road, and there beheld a dreadful Inlet like the

Jaws

Jaws of a Dragon, or overgrown Serpent, extended ſo wide, that the Popes Coach, with all his Nephews in it, might have entred without any difficulty; drawing as near as I could or durſt, I obſerved two paſſages down it, which made me believe the one led to Hell, and the other to Purgatory. Whilſt I ſtood (not without a great deal of fear) thus conſidering this terrible and affrightful Gullet, I ſaw appear before me a Figure like that tempted our Saviour in the Wilderneſs, that is, in plain Engliſh, a Devil: But I durſt not call him ſo, becauſe I was not certain he was one, nor knew out of what paſſage he iſſued: Beſides, he came and ſaluted me with a great deal of Ceremony and kindneſs, aſking me what I ſought for? but in ſuch a manner, as if he had been well informed of all had happened to me ſince my coming from *Rome*, and only now deſired to know whether I had a mind to go farther. And perceiving that breath began to fail me, he was ſo civil as to hearten me up, beginning to comfort me, and give me ſuch Exhortations as the

Capuchins

Capuchins uſe to do when they accompany a poor Criminal to the Gallows. Having mean while regain'd a little ſtrength, I anſwered him in few words, that my Deſigne was to paſs into Purgatory, to have the Honour of ſeeing their *Eminencies* the Popes Nephews; for that I could not perſwade my ſelf, but that there were multitudes of them in that place. I had once deſigned to have gone on, and added, that in caſe they were not there, I was very deſirous to paſs into Hell it ſelf to ſee them; but upon ſecond thoughts I ſtopt, conceiving I ſhould finde Hell-Gates open at all times. No ſooner had Mr. Devil underſtood my Deſigne of going to Purgatory to ſee the Popes Nephews, but he fell into ſuch an extremity of laughter, that I may truly ſay, I never ſaw the like in the World; for he ſet his hands to his ſides ſo hard, as if he had been afraid he ſhould have burſt.

Marſor. *I would give any thing methinks to ſee a Devil laugh: But prethee what laugh'd he at ſo?*

Paſq. At my ſimplicity, and that I

ſhould be ſuch a fool to believe there could be any of the Popes Nephews in Purgatory: for after having larght his Belly-ful, for a good long half hour, he told me, ſtill gigling and laughing; It may eaſily be gueſs'd (ſaid he) that thou art a poor Pilgrim of *Rome*, where the people are abuſed by the cunning and malicious tricks of the Clergy, who make them believe there is a place of repentance even for the impenitent; and that in Purgatory, crimes may be expiated without giving farther account than to the Prieſts of ſins committed. Know, Mr. *Roman*, that into Purgatory enter none of thoſe who rob and pillage the Church to give to the World, but thoſe who take from the World to give to the Church. There comes none of the Popes Nephews into Purgatory; for though perhaps there may be ſome amongſt them might deſerve it, and claim a right to it, yet Heaven is obliged in Policie to ſend them all to Hell. I was more aſtoniſhed than ever in my life, to hear this, not being able to conceive where the Policie lay of ſending the Popes Nephews

phews to Hell. But the civil Devil perceiving my earneſt deſire of being ſatisfied upon the point, did me the favour ſoon to ſave my longing, by explaining the Myſtery in this manner: You cannot but know, ſaid he, being a Native of *Rome*, that all the Riches poſſeſſed by the Popes Nephews are only the ſubſtance and very entrails of the Souls in Purgatory; for they ſteal from the Treaſure of the Church thoſe Offerings which the people had given to alleviate the pains of the poor Souls in Purgatory: Now ſhould theſe Souls ſee any of the Popes Nephews come amongſt them, they would preſently fly upon them, and be ready to tear them in pieces; crying out, Oh barbarous and impious Villaines, enemies of our Salvation! cruel and rapacious Tyrants, deſtroyers of our peace! you eternize our pains, which might elſe have ended ſome Ages ſince! you are the cauſe of our burning in theſe flames, and being deprived of the ſight of Heaven! You, enemies of Purgatory, which devour the faculties our friends have given to aſſwage our pains! You that build your

ſelves Palaces at the expence of our blood! You that hang your Palace-Walls with the Gold deſigned to deliver us from theſe flames! You that buy Coaches and Horſes with the Monies ought to be employed to carry us to Heaven! You that take your pleaſure in your Gardens by your Freſhes and Fountains, whilſt we are broiling in this unquenchable fire! Thus would the Souls in Purgatory entertain the Popes Nephews, if they ſhould come amongſt them: Wherefore not to aggravate the pains of thoſe unhappy Souls, 'tis thought fitter to ſend their Eminencies to Hell (though they ſhould have a claim to Purgatory) ſince thoſe Souls have juſtly conceived ſo great a horror, and ſo juſt a hatred againſt them. This Diſcourſe pierced me to the very Soul, and I ſet my ſelf to conſider the Orator had made it; not being able to imagine he was a Devil, ſo much truth there was in what he ſaid. And whilſt I was thus contemplating him, he proceeded to tell me, that I might ſatisfie my curioſity of ſeeing the Popes Nephews, by deſcending that

Gullet

Gullet that leads to Hell. And 'tis obſervable, that all his Diſcourſe and Exhortations encreaſed in me a deſire of accompliſhing my Deſigne; and I begun to think him ſome *Roman* Sorcerer, or *German* Wizard. But when he perceived I was reſolved to follow his Counſel, he called up a Hobgoblin as black and as ugly as the Devil could make him; to whom he whiſpered ſomewhat, but what he ſaid, I know not; let it ſuffice, that this new Devil went back into Hell, and in a few minutes returned with a Veſſel in his hand, much like that the Prieſts hold their Holy Oyl in, when they are about to give the Extreme Unction to ſome departing Soul: And without much Complement or Ceremony, laying me all at length upon the ground, he began to anoint my whole body with that liquor was in the Veſſel. I thought at firſt, that it was the Oyl of Extreme Unction of Hell, to ſhew me by a Ceremonious Embleme, that there was no hopes of return. But my firſt Worſhipful Devil bid me have a good heart, for that Unguent had the faculty

not only to prevent the fire from consuming me, but likewise to withstand my having any sence or feeling of the violent heat and force of the flames.

Marf. *Were there but such a Remedy at* Rome, *there would many Priests venture Martyrdom; whereas now they only love to see others tormented in the flames, but cannot endure it themselves: but pray what happened after this Ceremony of the Unction?*

Pasq. The Chaplain that performed it having received his Orders from the other, gave me his word that he would be a true and faithful Companion to me; whereupon rising up, I thanked him as well as the first; who presently disappeared, I know not how; leaving me alone with this very Devil, who expected that I should enter Hell first, and on the contrary, I expected that he should have taken me and thrown me on his shoulders, and carried me thither; nor was I nice or shy, telling my thoughts upon the matter; to which he made answer, that it was not the Devils custome to carry any body to Hell, nay, they were forbid to do it by very severe Edicts

Edicts of the Divine Majesty, who had in his Holy Throne commanded, that those who would go to Hell, should take the pains to go voluntarily and of their own accord, without any person to carry them. So that the Devils had this ease, that they were not put to the trouble of bringing Souls to Hell, that came fast enough of themselves. I answered him, that I did not understand how things were ordained, and beg'd his excuse; adding withal, that I had some reason to believe that the Devils carried men to Hell, because that through all the World, and more particularly in *Europe*, upon the least difference, even amongst Brothers, they use this Imprecation, *The Devil take thee*; which made me think it was the Devils Office to carry men to Hell, since men gave themselves so freely to the Devil. But he answered me, that these Raylings and Imprecations did but so much more exasperate the Devils, seeing men offered to them by men themselves, and they wanting power to lay hold on the occasion, since it was the Will of Heaven, that men who

had ſuch a paſſionate deſire to go to Hell ſhould go of their own good will, that they might become the more inexcuſable, and have no plea to alledge that any one had forced them.

Marſor. *A pretty Complement to ſend a man to Hell with. But did you condeſcend then to go firſt, without any Ceremony?*

Paſq. Why, what a Devil would you have me do? I had much rather the Devil would have carried me; but ſince he would not, or could not take the pains, I e'ne reſolved to paſs firſt: It is true, that entring into this Serpents mouth, which had two Gullets, I was going to enter that on the right hand; but Mr. Devil cried out to me, that I was going aſtray, and that I muſt turn to the *left*; which I no ſooner heard, but I obeyed him, and ſtept to that ſide, which was ſo ſlippery, that I had no ſooner ſet my foot on it, but in the twinkling of an eye I found my ſelf almoſt at the bottom; deſcending juſt like thoſe that ſlide on Skates (which made me think that the *Dutchmen* muſt needs with greater facility than others

go

go to Hell) and yet my Devil help'd me too a little, being ſtill puſhing me forward to haſten my Journey.

Marſor. *I believe the Devil do's the ſame upon Earth, and never puſhes any man forward towards Hell, till he himſelf of his own accord firſt get into the Road.*

Paſq. 'Tis doubtleſs ſo. Well, our precipitation was ſo ſwift, that we were in a moment ſlid down this place, when we arrived at the Bank of a great Lake, which was furiouſly toſſed and turmoiled, the Waves raiſing themſelves near a hundred fathom up into the Air, and thence again tumbling down again with a moſt horrible roaring; at which I was much amazed, becauſe I felt not the leaſt breath of wind ſtirring, and yet beheld ſo terrible a Tempeſt: but my Devil ſoon quell'd my wonder, by telling me that it was the violence of the fire underneath that made the waters thus boil up. Ah! cried I, how fierce muſt the flames of Hell needs be, that can throw up the waters with ſo much fury? Theſe waters appeared to be divided into five parts, but they

ſeem'd

ſeem'd all to have great correſpondence one with the other, though the Nature or Vertue of any one part of theſe waters has not any correſpondence with the Nature or Vertue of any of the other, as my Devil continued to imform me after this manner. 'Tis a fatal neceſſity (ſaid he) that all thoſe that go into Hell ſhould paſs theſe Currents of Water which thou ſeeſt, and that they wind and turn ſo, as to enter by every diviſion thou perceiveſt: and if thou wouldſt know the reaſon why this Lake is divided into ſo many ſtreams, I'll thee in few words; 'tis becauſe the firſt has the faculty to make men forget all things, and is therefore called the River of *Lethe*; the ſecond is called *Phlegeton*, which ſignifies burning to the utmoſt degree; the third is that of *Acheron*, and takes its name from privation of Joy; the fourth is that of *Cocytus*, which ſignifies groaning; the fifth is that of *Styx*, or the *Stygian-Lake*, ſignifying hatred and perpetual miſery.

Marſor. *But how do they paſs theſe Currents of Water, Swimming, or are*

are there Boats appointed for the Ferry?

Pasq. There is only one Boat destined for it, which is commonly called *Charons* Boat, which crosses the Ferry only twice a day with such Passengers as are bound for Hell. But it is to be observed, that this Barque goes to the other side of the Lake, but never returns more: for all these Rivers are easie to pass in returning upwards; and therefore there are great numbers of Carpenters continually employ'd in building new Boats, the other being still broke in an hundred pieces on the far-side of the Lake, and never making but one Voyage. On this Boat I embarqued only with my Devil-Companion; for *Charon* for that bout would take no more Passengers, and gave us a marvellous kind reception; nor did his Mariners yield to him in civility, but were ready to quarrel who should do me most service. At my entrance into the Boat, I was all at once made sensible of a most intolerable stink of Pitch, Bitumen, Brimstone, and such like things, but more especially of a Gum called

called *Aſſa-fœtida*, which was ſo violent, I verily thought the ſtench would kill me; which made me think with my ſelf what fools and wretches they were that would go to Hell. Arriving at our Port, an infinite number of Devils came to meet us, each having five or ſix horns on his head. We were no ſooner out of the Boat, but all the civil Gentlemen-Devils came to offer me their ſervice, and that without any intereſt or deſire of gain; which is very obſervable, and made me not a little wonder; but I much more admired, when nothing was demanded for my paſſage, nor any of the Boatmen aſk'd me any thing to drink my health; ſo that I thank'd God for having at laſt been ſo gracious to me, as to bring me into a free and diſintereſſed Country. My Devil-Guide perceiving my amazement, aſk'd me if there were not the like freedom for all the world at *Rome*; to which I juſt thus anſwered him: As ſoon as the Pronouns of *Mine* and *Thine* were introduced in the world, Subſidies, Taxes and Exciſe crept likewiſe in, ſo that the people were forced dearly

dearly to buy all that Nature gave frankly to mankind: But yet this ſort of Tyranny, which is general and univerſal to the whole world, is become particular at *Rome*, where the Popes have introduced and eſtabliſhed ſo many Subſidies, Tolls and Impoſitions, that the dead themſelves are not exempt; for they often leave unburied thoſe, who have left nothing to pay the Prieſt with. In a word, whoever Travels in the world, muſt always have his hand in his Purſe; for ſtrangers there, beſides that they are obliged to pay for the very ſtreets they dirty with their feet, or ſuffer a thouſand inſolencies from the raſkally Sergeants that wait at the Tax-gatherers doors, are further forced, under I know not what name of Alms, to pay likewiſe for the kiſſing the Reliques of Saints, and for the Confeſſion of their own ſins.

Marſor. *God forgive him that is the cauſe of it. But what need the Devil have had this information, if it be true as our Divines ſay, that the Devils know all that paſſes, and all that is paſſed in the world ſince its Creation?*

Paſq.

Pasq. Thou art mightily deceived, *Marsonio*, for the Devils are understanding only in those things into which the malice of their nature can penetrate. But the Clergy of *Rome* commit Villanies which the Devils with all their speculative Spirit can spy no farther into than thou canst into a Millstone, from whence must be inferred, that in matter of Spirits, the greater always carry it from the less, who yield to them where ere they meet them. Besides, the Popes Nephews have invented more of these Tyrannical ways to draw Mony from the people, than ever the Devils did to draw Souls to Hell. So that the Devils would be treated like ignorant Asses at *Rome*, and the Clergy and their Eminencies the Nephews be much too hard for them. It is enough my Devil was very well satisfied with this information, and thankt me heartily for it, but in few words, by reason of the great Complements and Civilities the Devils paid me beyond all expectation or measure, carrying me in triumph as far as the true Gates of Hell; where I was no sooner arrived, but it opened of it self without

without any ones touching. Before I could ſet my foot on the threſhold, I ſaw coming to meet me a great number of Pages and Footmen in *Lucifers* own Livery; who knowing all my Story, had ſent them to attend me: but I thankt him, deſiring him to reſerve ſuch favours for the Cardinals and Prelates, who were uſed to be ſerved by Pages and Footmen, not yielding in malice or wickedneſs to any in the Court of *Lucifer* himſelf.

Marſor. *Thou'rt i'th' right; and I believe that race of Raskals are inſtructed in* Rome *at the charge of the Reverend Cardinals, to capacitate them afterwards with more cunning and craft to ſerve the Devil himſelf in Hell.*

Paſq. I'm of thy mind; therefore I rid my hands of them, chuſing rather to go *incognito* without any Servants to attend me, than to be followed by any ſuch Beaſts as thoſe. It's true, here they would not have coſt me a farthing, whereas in *Rome* a man muſt not only pay them well for ſerving him ill, but even for betraying him. And yet though I had refuſed the Service of

theſe Lacqueys ſent me by *Luciſer*, my entrance was with no leſs State and Majeſty: for an infinite number of Devils made a Guard on both ſides the way to receive me, and ſaluted me with ſo much civility as I paſſed along, that I began to think my ſelf a ſecond Pope, going up to *Monte Cavallo*. I had ſcarce gone ten yards in Hell, but I ſaw coming towards me a fine gay ſpruce fellow, all covered over with Ribbands, who ſaluted me very reſpectfully; and having put his Hat again upon his Head, began to lay hands on my Codpiece-points to unty them; and becauſe I had knit a double knot, for fear my Breeches ſhould fall down by the way, he clapt to his Teeth, as well as his Hands: On the one ſide, it pleaſed me not a little to ſee him take ſo much pains, and how heartily he laboured to atchieve it; but on the other, I found ſome kind of provocation to anger, firmly believing that he was ſome *Sieneſe* or *Florentine* who had been uſed to let down young Boys Breeches at *Rome*: whereupon I defended my ſelf as much as I could; telling him, that I was already

already grown old, and that he might find out perſons much fitter to content his Paſſion: but all theſe Reaſons, and ten thouſand more, would have been too little to oblige him to give over his project; but he chafed himſelf more and more in the fantaſtical reſolution he had taken to accompliſh it: whereupon I begun to grow very cholerick; but my Devil perceiving it, did all he could to pacifie me, telling me to that end, that this Good man was neither *Florentine* nor *Sieneſe*, but an honeſt *Frenchman*. How! a *Frenchman*, replied I; and how long is it ſince they are turn'd *Pentapolitans*? I have ever indeed heard, that as they are good Cocks, they had rather play with a good tractable Hen, than with a Virgin-pullet, which are always ſhy and ſkittiſh, and will flutter before they come to it. It's true, replied my Worſhipful Devil, that the *French* love better one good piece of boil'd, than two of roaſted; and yet being much addicted to change, they know when opportunity ſerves how to frame their Stomachs to variety of Diet. Nor do you believe

that this little piece of Sobriety they boaſt of, abſtaining ſometimes from touching the Roſt (to the ſhame of the *Italians*, who wonnot let ſo much as the ſteam eſcape them) is any thing natural to their inclination. No, no, it's rather natural to their impatience: I mean, that being naturally impatient, they ordinarily attempt things they can purchaſe with leaſt pains; and 'tis much eaſier to take up a Coat, than to unty a pair of Breeches; and therefore they pleaſe themſelves better with Women than with Boys. But if that be ſo, replied I, how come they now to be ſo much altered from what they were? Or why do's this fellow take ſo much pains to let down my Breeches? Oh, replied my friend-Devil, there lies a Myſtery in that, at which you won't be angry, when you are a little better informed. You know that many *Frenchmen* when they are in the world, ſtudy nothing more than intermeddling with every mans buſineſs, and thruſting their Noſe into every corner. Now *Lucifer*, who would give every one that employment to which he obſerves he has

has the moſt inclination, that he may not leave the active Gentlemen of *France* idle in Hell, ſince idleneſs is the domeſtique enemy of that Nation; he permits them to thruſt their Noſes into the Breech of all the Strangers that arrive here; on this condition, that they ſhall not be diſpenſed with, though their deſire of doing it be paſſed over; but they muſt of neceſſity go through-ſtitch with this venerable Employment, becauſe the Devils have no other to give them, nor indeed know any thing elſe in which they are fit to be employ'd.

Marfor. *I ſhould not be very well pleaſed with the Employment, but it may be it is leſs troubleſome to them, becauſe they're us'd to it.*

Paſq. Satisfied with this information, I let the *Monſieur* looſe my hoſe, with wch he ſeem'd mightily pleas'd; and after having ſtrictly viewed me before, getting behind me, he falls down on his knees, and begins to bob in a mighty pretty manner with his Noſe at my —— But to tell thee the truth, *Marforio*, I never thought my ſelf more tor-

mented in my life than now; for I knew not how to diſengage my ſelf from this fantaſtique Complement; for the more I withdrew my —— from him, the more he preſſed his Noſe forward: wherefore I reſolved, the better to force him to make an end, to let a good —— in Syrup; which I did ſo luckily, that it made four or five Devils that were ſtanding juſt by, almoſt burſt their ſides with laughing. But the good *Frenchman* choſe rather to ſup a little of the Porrage, than leave the fleſh he was bobbing at, almoſt to my heart-breaking, for I could not tell now when I ſhould get rid of him. But by good fortune, which lighted happily for me, another Stranger arrived, whom my *Frenchman* laid hold on as faſt as he could, to perform the ſame function; ſo that ſeeing my ſelf delivered from this vexation, I paſſed forward with my Camerade; and the farther we went, the more ſport we had to ſee the *Frenchmen* running from one ſide to th'other to play at Noſe in —— with all new comers.

Marſor. *This ſounds like a fooliſh Story;*

Story; prethee talk no more on't, but tell me ſomething grave.

Paſq. Thou juſt ſpeakeſt of Gravity, when I am about to talk of a people graver than all the *Pyrenean* Mountains. Underſtand then, that having ſeen the *Frenchmen*, I was curious likewiſe to ſee the *Spaniards*; being no way able to apprehend that the occupation or torment of theſe ſhould be any way inferiour to the others. My kind friend-Devil no ſooner underſtood my mind, but he made me turn to the left hand, where there was a very great Gate raiſed to a mighty height, quite open, broken, & ruinous, and look'd juſt like the tattered clout of ſome miſerable Enſigne. At entring, I miſs'd but little of breaking my legs, for the ſtones being all diſlocated, I could get no ſteady footing: on both ſides there lay great heaps of Chains, Shackles, Bolts, Fetters, Manacles and Cords, and other ſuch Artillery, all worn out and over-eaten with ruſt; by which one might eaſily gueſs they had been a good while thrown by neglected. This place was ſo vaſt, that the moſt piercing eye could not

reach the end of it; which made me think it might be *Lucifer*'s own Manſion; but one of the Devils who ſtood Sentinel there, undeceived me, and told me, it was the *Spaniſh* Apartment. which begat in me a mighty deſire to know what thoſe heaps of Chains and Shackles ſo thrown by as uſeleſs and unregarded meant. To ſatisfie my Curioſity, the Devil that had the guard of the place made anſwer: The *Spaniards*, who by the fortune of the Houſe of *Auſtria* were become formidable to all the world, rais'd ſuch a Jealouſie in the Government of this State, that our Prince, fearing leſt as the *Spaniards* having formed a deſigne to make themſelves Maſters of the World, by reducing now a Kingdom and then a Commonwealth, and forcing them to ſubmit themſelves under their yoke, ſhould by a like Ambition and the ſame Policie ſubdue Hell, and reduce under their awe all the Infernal Empire, was reſolved to prevent them; and he did it in the nick: for their Deſigne to uſurp the Rule o're Hell did not ſucceed half ſo well, as the attempt they had

had made to Tyrannize over *Europe* (which they had almoſt already unhappily accompliſhed.) For the Devils, who are always conſulting ways to preſerve their liberty, perceiving this unbridled paſſion of theirs to rule every where, thought fit to apply ſpeedy Remedies to hinder their unbridled Ambition; and to that end they bound the poor *Spaniards* in ſo many Chains and Shackles, that they durſt not ſo much as attempt offering the leaſt violence, though all theſe Fetters were not weighty enough to oblige them to abate that Pride which they ſtill reſerve, and which viſibly appears in their Countenances. But when the Princes of *Europe*, perceiving this Torrent deſcending from *Spain* to overflow and ruine the whole world, united and leagued themſelves together, to humble this proud *Spaniard*, who gnaw'd upon the quiet by the Poyſon of Jealouſie he had ſow'd among them; and began to bring Armies on foot every where to bereave the *Spaniards* of thoſe Eſtates they had ſeized with ſo much violence, and uſed the cunning of ſow-

ing diſcords to deprive him by the Inſurrection of the people of thoſe Dominions they had with ſo much Tyranny uſurped from other Kings: In a word, no ſooner were the *Spaniards* thrown to the ground, languiſhing and almoſt dying; no ſooner were they reduced from fierceneſs to miſery, from pride to humility; no ſooner were they made the ſport and laughing of thoſe who before trembled at the holding up but of one of their fingers; but *Lucifer*, in imitation of the Princes of *Europe*, who had not only ſhook off the fear of them, but even made the *Spaniards* themſelves tremble in the very Center of their own Dominions, ordered that their Chains ſhould be ſtricken off, and they let at liberty, being aſſured that all their Policies would never be be able to recover them that power they had loſt.

Marſor. *This appears to me the Diſcourſe rather of a good Polititian, than of a wicked Devil. But did not you ſee the* Spaniards?

Paſq. Did I ſee them? Why not? Since we went in thither on purpoſe.

After

After that the Guardian of this Door had told me the particulars I have recited, we paſſed into a great Hall, open on all ſides, and which had nothing but Pillars and Columns to ſupport the roof of it, where we beheld the *Spaniards* quite ſtretcht at length, and groveling upon the Earth with their faces to the ground; and over them a quantity of *Frenchmen* hanging by the Arms, as if they had indeed been upon the *Strappado*; and yet it was mighty pleaſant to ſee how furiouſly theſe *Frenchmen* tormented themſelves to ſtretch out their legs, that they might but touch with their feet the ſhoulders of the poor *Spaniards*; not caring to disjoynt their Arms, ſo they might have the ſatisfaction to cruſh and bruiſe their enemies with their feet. On the contrary, the *Spaniards* lay as flat and as cloſe as they could, creeping upon their Bellies, juſt like Serpents, to ſave themſelves from their Enemies, and avoid the diſpleaſure and pain of their kicks; ſo that it was hardly poſſible to know whether the torment of the *Spaniards*, who were thus ill treated, or that of the *French*, who

treated them ſo ſcruvily, were the greater. All about on one ſide and t'other ſtood many Princes and Embaſſadors, who were ready to burſt with laughing to ſee this Comedy: but which is moſt of all, they employ'd all their Rhetorique to incenſe them one againſt the other; whiſpring to the *French* in this manner: Is it not a ſhame you cannot amply revenge all thoſe injuries the *Spaniards* have done you; you, who were ſo trodden down by them for ſo many years together? Shall it be ſaid that the *French* are not powerful enough to reduce *Spain* into that calamitous condition whereunto *France* was once reduced by the *Spaniards*? Sa, Sa! Courage brave *Frenchmen*, ſtretch out your legs, extend your feet, ſuffer yet a little more pain in your arms, endure rather all the rigours of the *Strappado*, than loſe this occaſion: for if your Enemies eſcape you now, and get from under you, they will certainly endeavour by their policie and cunning to get atop, and reduce you to the ſame condition in which they are. And then turning towards the *Spaniards*, they whiſpred them

them after this manner, yet ſo as the *Frenchmen* could not over-hear them: Are not you aſhamed to let the *French*, whom you have heretofore trampled upon, now to ſet their feet upon your Throats? Is it poſſible that *Spain* ſhould tremble now at the name of the *French* Nation alone, ſhe that has formerly made all the people of the world to tremble? If you will but reſume your antient courage, and turn again at *France* that Lords it o're you now, you will find a hundred arms to aſſiſt you. 'Tis for you to begin the affair, and we'll find the means to finiſh it. We our ſelves that have favoured *France* to the overthrow and ruine of *Spain*, will now be aſſiſtants for the relief of *Spain*, and beating down the too mighty power of *France*. Loſe no time, for an inveterate Diſeaſe knaws upon the very entrails of thoſe are afflicted with it. 'Tis now of neceſſity either to recover the Honour you have loſt, or loſe what yet remains. The *French* have now twice enforced you to aſk them Peace in Charity; ſo that if you now do not make one great Eſſay for your

your own defence, they will certainly reduce you to thoſe ſtreights, that you muſt aſk your lives as an Alms. There are thoſe that will ſupply you with men and mony, both openly and in private; what can you demand more?

Marſor. *It has, I confeſs, been the cuſtome of ſome States to incite and encourage the* French *and* Spaniards *one againſt the other, and then leave them both in the lurch.*

Paſq. It is certainly the Policie of other Princes to ſee fry, or at leaſt to kindle the fire to fry the *Spaniards* in the *Frenchmans* greaſe: but becauſe Nature and the diſtribution of Politique Intereſts have ſo eſtabliſhed theſe two Monarchies, that it is impoſſible that one of them ſhould be in the increaſe, but the other muſt needs be in the wane; & all Maximes of the Policie of Princes require a due poize and *Æquilibrium*: therefore they no ſooner ſee one falling, but they ſtretch out their hands to liſt him up. And there could certainly be nothing more pleaſant, than to ſee what pains the *Engliſh*, *Venetians*, *Hollanders*, *Swiſſes*, and other Princes,

Princes, as well of *Germany* as *Italy*, took to help the poor *Spaniard*; one lifted up one leg, another the other; one drew out one arm, another the other; one lifted up their head, and another threw them a cord; in a word, one did this, and t'other that; and there was none but gave ſome little aſſiſtance to raiſe up the poor *Spaniards*, whom they ſaw thus grievouſly oppreſſed. And yet all in good faith proved no great matter, to ſpeak the plain truth, becauſe they ſo much feared the power of *France*, that was ſtill in the increaſe, that they durſt not openly declare in favour of the *Spaniards*; ſo that all the aſſiſtance they gave, was to little or no purpoſe.

Marſor. *I know not how things are ordered in Hell in affairs of this nature, becauſe I never was there; but I know in* Europe *things are acted in another manner, and that Policie concurs and mixes with Religion, whoſe Intereſts are ſometimes deſtroyed by the Politick ones.*

Paſq. He was a fool of a Phyſitian that gave this *Recipe*; and I am ſorry,

Mar-

Marforio, to hear thee talk ſo like a wiſe man of *Gotam*. How can that be poſſibly agreeable, to talk at once of Prince and Religion? Religion ought to be of the ſame uſe to Princes, as Antimony is to the ſick, and ſometimes to the well; which when 'tis taken duly weighed and well prepared, proves not only the means of recovery, but is often the preſerver of health; but when a little too much is taken, without due weight and preparation, it poyſons the ſtomach, and ſo by degrees kills the body: 'Tis the ſame of Religion in the perſon of Princes; 'tis requiſite that they have a little, and that they weigh it well, for one grain too much is enough to overturn the quiet of all their Dominions. I will add yet farther, that as Antimony is for the moſt part given only in deſperate caſes; ſo Princes ought never to tie themſelves too ſtrictly to the Intereſt of Religion, unleſs where 'tis impoſſible for them to do otherwiſe. *Bethlem Gabor* underſtood very well what uſe was to be made of it, who when the Embaſſadour of *France* came to tell him in *Germany*, that

that 'twas true, that Policie did require the Kings of *France* ſhould ſtrive to abate the Greatneſs of the Houſe of *Auſtria*, and that there could never be a more commodious time, nor fairer occaſion to effect it; yet notwithſtanding the Intereſt of Religion obliged the King his Maſter to withdraw himſelf from the League he had made with that Prince, that he might avoid the diſpleaſure of ſeeing the Catholick Religion ruined in thoſe parts by his means and aſſiſtance; to all which this Prince gave the Embaſſador only theſe few words of anſwer, *Thy Maſter is a Prince, and does he trouble his head with Religion?*

Marſor. *I am not much taken with this Example.* Bethlem Gabor *was a wicked* Turk, *but* Chriſtian *Princes act by other Principles.*

Paſq. I'll thee, *Marſorio*, what I have to ſay to this; God is much diſpleas'd when a Chriſtian doth not perform thoſe good works he may; but it much more diſpleaſes him, when he repents of the good works he has done. He that applies not himſelf to do good, may in ſome ſort be excuſable; but he that

that repents of it when he has done it, deſerves nothing but Chaſtiſement. The ſame reaſon takes place now amongſt all Princes; and 'tis much better never to follow thoſe Maximes of Religion we know, than having embrac'd them to repent of it. When the King of *France* was at the Siege of *Rochel*, the *Spaniards* againſt all Maximes of Policie in the world, ſent their Fleet to aſſiſt the *Moſt Chriſtian* King; and out of a Maxime (forſooth) of Religion, weakned themſelves, to ſtrengthen and uphold the party of their inveterate Enemy; which they at length perceiving, repented of thoſe Aids they had ſent to his *Moſt Chriſtian* Majeſty; madded at the hearts they had done ſo much in his favour, whereby they certainly gained but little in the ſight of God, nothing at all upon the *Chriſtian* King, and aſſuredly loſt Reputation in the World: for that Renown they hoped to gain in Chriſtendom by aſſiſting to ſuppreſs Hereticks, was utterly loſt, when 'twas once known they had repented of it. There are infinite Examples of this kind; and 'tis certain for the moſt

moſt part, that Princes repent themſelves of all Maximes of Religion, which they make uſe of for Reaſons undivinable by me; ſo that 'twas much better not to have done it, than having done it, to repent it: for by this repentance they loſe the Grace of God, and all the advantages they could have hoped for by the intereſt of Policie. The *French* are not ſuch Sots in this caſe as the *Spaniards* are, for they never touch Maximes of Religion but with the tips of their fingers.

Marſor. *Yet in my Opinion, ſince* Bethlem Gabors *time, they have been ſo far from touching them with the tips of their fingers, that they have taken them, and hug'd them too in their arms.*

Paſq. How much art thou deceived! thoſe Maximes of Religion thou talkeſt of, ſerved only as Maſks and Shews to cover the particular intereſt of the Favorite that then managed the Affairs of *France*, and who would have obliged the *Infanta* of *Spain* to grant him I know not whom in Marriage; without which Deſigne, the Maximes of Policie

had far out-ſtript thoſe of Religion. The *French* are not ſcrupulous; they had rather never embrace the Maximes of Religion, than having done it, like the *Spaniards* repent it. While Cardinal *Richelieu* lived, who underſtood theſe things the beſt of any man in the world, the Popes *Nuntio* had a hundred times propoſed to him a War with *Geneva*, endeavouring to perſwade him to it by Maximes of Religion; to which that Great Man ſtill replied; *Provided*, ſaid he, *that the Maximes of Religion do not ruine and deſtroy the Maximes of State.* And in this manner he ſent back the *Nuntio*, who durſt proceed no further, when he ſaw how much the Cardinal preferr'd the Maximes of State before thoſe of Religion. Maximes of Religion are groſs meat, fit only for vulgar people; but Maximes of State are delicate food, proper only for the Princes Table, on which no groſs meat ſhould ever be ſerved, but upon urgent neceſſity, it being neither decent nor wholſome for them to charge their Stomachs with meats fit only to fill the Bellies of the groſſeſt of the people. I confeſs ſuch

ſuch Viands are excellent to glut the Populacie; but that they are a fit nouriſhment for a Prince, I utterly deny: for the food wherewith the people are nouriſhed, would poyſon a Prince; his ſtomach accuſtomed to dainties, would never endure the weight of heavier meats. In a word, let Great Princes leave to Prieſts and Religious men the Maximes of Religion, as fit food for them, and proportionate to their nature; and keep thoſe of State to themſelves, as meats only proper to the nature of Princes.

Marſor. *Before I forget it, pray tell me what Torments the* Germans *ſuffer in Hell?*

Paſq. The ſame with *Tantulus*, to be always raging with Thirſt, and have no Wine to quench it; which makes them run high and low, up and down, into every corner of Hell, to ſeek out for places to plant Vineyards in: But though they inceſſantly Labour, and uſe all diligence poſſible, nothing will yet ſucceed with them, nor is it ever like to do; for the Devils know well enough, that it is the Nature of the *Germans*

mans to make any place a Paradiſe where good Wine grows, though all the Devils in Hell inhabited there; and therefore 'tis, they will continually meet with great Obſtacles in their deſignes that way.

Marſor. *But ſince there are ſo many Lakes in the Country, why do they not make them Boat-men? At leaſt 'twould prevent them dying of Thirſt.*

Paſq. They'll never accept that charge: for they have all Sworn to Die by Wine, and they will never falſifie it ſo; both for fear of being perjured, and dying by Water into the Bargain.

Marſor. *Well then, purſue thy Voyage, but meddle not with Maximes of Religion; Princes have more occaſion of ſuch diſcourſes than we.*

Paſq. By my Faith thou haſt Reaſon. Well then, after having ſeen the *French* and *Spaniards*, we wandred for ſome time in that place, which was very Spacious, but whole Streets deſerted and abandoned, where we could find only a few poor miſerable *Spaniards*, all full of Lice, and their Breeches naked; of one of them I was ſo in-

inquiſitive, as to aſk his name; who anſwered me with a lofty meen, and erected Countenance, that he was called *Don Lopez de Lopis*; at which I could not but much wonder, to ſee that neither Lice, nor Neceſſity, nor miſery, no, nor Hell it ſelf, were capable to abate the pride of the *Spaniards*. I then pray'd him to tell me, to what end ſerved that Title of *Don?* he replied, it was to make him known for a *Spaniard*; for he had rather be a Beggar, and known to be a *Spaniard*, than rich, and paſs for a *Frenchman*. A *Frenchman* paſſing by, and hearing him talk ſo, anſwered him: Prethee then (ſaid he) keep up thy Title, and much good may it do thee; for that will be the laſt thing the *French* will take from thy Nation. Whilſt I turned my eyes from this Object, before I had gone many ſteps, I found my ſelf very near the Door I entred at; and doubling my pace to get out, I heard all of a ſudden a mighty noiſe, tumour, hurly-burly, and many terrible cries, which were raiſed on a ſudden; and in ſome intermiſſions might hear theſe doleful words

pronounced: *Ah! miſerable men that we are, we are utterly loſt! Oh! our poor Principalities, what will become of you now! Alas, poor Liberty, which we have loſt, when ſhall we ever again recover thee!* I believed at firſt they had been Souls newly entred into Hell; but a Devil (who was as much troubled for them as I) told me, that they were the Princes of *Italy* and *Germany* that made this Outcry, out of a fear they were in to loſe all, now that the *French* had proceeded ſo far as to ſet their feet upon the *Spaniards* throats. And indeed we could ſee the Embaſſadours of thoſe Princes running up and down, and as buſie as Bees, endeavouring to negotiate ſome League, to put a ſtop to the *French* Victories, and repulſe the farther progreſs of their Arms. But the beſt part of this Tragedy was, that a Devil who underſtood the Politiques, ſeeing theſe Embaſſadours run ſweating up and down, called to them with a loud voice, telling them, *Oh, what great Fools are you*, ſaid he, *with reſpect to your Character! you ſhould have remedied this diſtemper when it*

was

was in its birth, and not now it is grown old, and almoſt paſt help. Mean time I told my Conductor, that we would go mind our own Affairs, and leave theſe troubles to Princes who had ſomething to loſe. So mending our pace, we came out of that place, and fell into a very great Road, wherein there were multitudes of people travelling, who lamented the cruelty of their Deſtiny, and rail'd even againſt the earth that had nouriſhed them: which made but the Devils the madder, who had the charge to employ every one of them in their Myſtery with much exactneſs, and diſpenſed the torments and puniſhments according to the Sentence given againſt them for their Crimes. As for my part, I was not there to ſuffer like the others; but walked up and down like a Gentleman of pleaſure, obſerving every little action. And though the ſight was in ſome manner terrible in it ſelf, yet I found ſome delight in the variety and diverſity of the Tragical Scenes, becauſe they were ſo well proportioned. Among other things, I ſaw a whole drove

of women ſtark naked, who hand in hand held faſt one to the other, and behind them a great throng of Devils with Rods of Iron in their hands, who threatned them, and forced them to return back the way they came. This made me very much wonder, not being able to imagine why the Devils ſhould ſuffer no women in Hell. But the Devil my Guide ſoon ſatisfied me, that theſe were married women, and that the Devils had much more need of their ſervice in the world than in Hell. But to tell the truth, I was not at firſt fully ſatisfied with this anſwer, as judging it too obſcure; wherefore I told him, I could not perſwade my ſelf, that married women were more neceſſary in the world than in Hell; ſince thoſe that were deſtined to ſuch Torments, were only condemned for the ill deeds of their life: whence it muſt follow, that in the world they muſt needs be well ſatisfied with the diminution of torment, ſince that muſt of neceſſity produce a multiplication of good. My friend-Devil, who laugh'd at my Diſcourſe, thus returned me anſwer: I do not

not tell thee, ſaid he, that the married women are neceſſary for the World, for any good to the World (for there's like to be little of that where-ever they come) but only for the neceſſities of Hell, which reaps a double advantage by thoſe womens remaining in the world; and I'll tell thee how. Firſt, the Faſhion of wearing Horns is grown ſo common among the Devils, that now 'tis become a ſhame and reproach to be without them; and becauſe our She-Devils won't do us that kind ſervice, and take care to fill our heads with Horns, we take all the care we can to multiply in the world the number of married Whores; knowing no other way how to keep up a faſhion ſo much in requeſt amongſt us; which was firſt brought up by a fantaſtical humour in the Painters, who would needs, forſooth, have us drawn Cornuted; which has made us take an eſpecial care ever ſince, that their wives of all other women ſhould ſupply us beſt: for now we have no other way, but as ſoon as any Horn begins to bud forth upon the head of any man, by reaſon of his wives liberality and cour-

courteſie, there are five hundred Devils ready preſently to cut it off; which is the reaſon you never ſee a Horn upon any Cuckolds head, though his Wife be the greateſt Whore in the World: for the men have entred into ſolemn Treaty with the Devils; and it is by ſtrict Articles agreed, that the men will keep the root of the Horn, and the Devils ſhall have leave to take all the reſt. In the ſecond place, we are ſubject to Pride, much like to that of the *Spaniards*; which makes us deſire to draw the Nobleſt of the Prey to our ſelves: And therefore looking upon Women as Animals, too vile, abject, and contemptible to content our Ambition; we endeavour to leave them in the world, that by their means, as our inſtruments, we may draw more men into the ſnare of damnation. Let not this I now tell thee, appear ſtrange, ſaid he, *Roman*; for there's nothing more certain, than that Women are the abſolute cauſe of the ruine and Damnation of Men. How many poor Huſbands are fain to ſteal, to gain a kiſs from theſe miſerable women, who bartered for Gold, even their

their first Marriage-embraces? How many are there, that run into death and despair, finding their charge of Children greater than they are able to maintain; and which is worst of all, most of them not of their own, but others getting? How many are there that lead a Devils life all the day long, because they know they shannot see their Wives at night; Assignations being already concluded between them and their Gallants? How many Murders and Manslaughters are daily committed by means of Women? And how few in which they have not a hand? How many able Citizens are made Bankrupts by their Luxury? How many Altars are profaned to satisfie their Lust, or fooliſh Pleasure? How many Husbands have they poysoned at the instance of their Gallants, and the instigation of their disordinate Lusts? In a word, let the women remain still in the world; for most certain it is, that one of them there yields more advantage to the Devils, than a thousand of them in Hell.

Marfor. *This Devil was certainly no Novice, but a Pug of good standing;* how-

however proceed, and leave these miserable women to the Devil. Whither went you next?

Pasq. We entred into a place all on fire, round about which were an infinite number of Devils in the form of Satyrs, each of wch had a man on his back; whom myriades of other Devils courted and served like an *Apollo*; I mean such an *Apollo*, as the quality of place would allow. One of them put flaming Spurs upon his heels; another blew into his ears the hissing of Serpents; one perfumed him with Brimstone and *Assa-fœtida*; another gave him Venom and Poyson to eat; and every one of them in some such manner addressed themselves to pay their Service and Courtship to the person riding on the Satyrs back. There were some thousands of them served all with the same sauce; but what I thought most remarkable was, that all their eyes were put out: Nay, in that very little time I stay'd there, one being brought in, they squeez'd out his eyes without any more Ceremony; which made me full of wonder and admiration, and fill'd me

me with a thouſand imaginations what theſe people might be, and what were the reaſons of uſing them ſo ſcurvily. I believed at firſt, they might be of thoſe ſort of people who uſed to dart their laſcivious glances, and make amorous invitations in the Church, and before the Sacrament of the Altar; which is done every day at *Rome*: and I eaſily imagined that privation of ſight was a torment theſe people had moſt juſtly deſerved. Then again, I thought they might be thoſe who had the curioſity to look and pry into the affairs and actions of others to puniſh them, for which they might perhaps be condemned to loſe their eyes. But all theſe imaginations nothing contributing to my Curioſity of knowing the certainty, I aſked the reaſons of one of the Devils I judged moſt able to inform me; who anſwered me after this manner: Thoſe whom thou beholdeſt us thus ſerve with all manner of infernal Magnificence, are the Reverend Fathers of the Inquiſition, to whom we are infinitely obliged, becauſe by the rigour of their Tyranny they have forbid the reading

of

of the Holy Scriptures in a Vulgar Tongue; of that Scripture, I ſay, which is the only means of true inſtruction to thoſe that rightly underſtand it, informing them beſt of their Duty, and diverting them from ſin and evil; ſhows them the perfect Path to Goodneſs, whereby Heaven would be repleniſhed with Souls, and Hell impeopl'd. For having obſerved the great prejudice that brought to our Empire, we found out a way to remedy it, by obliging the Popes, under other pretences, to introduce the Inquiſition into the Church; and by continual aſſiſting the Inquiſitors, we have brought them to our lure, & wrought ſo, that they have ſerved, and do ſerve us as Inſtruments to accompliſh our deſignes, which were, and are only to ſee Hell well peopl'd, and Heaven without Inhabitants; which to effect, there is no ſlender help afforded us by our good Camerades, the Holy Fathers of the Inquiſition, who do us the honour to teſtifie the love they bear us, by forcing ſo vaſt a number of Provinces, where they forbid reading the Holy Scriptures, to live in utter

utter ignorance; by which means the people having no way to come to the true knowledge of their Duty, they wander from the right way, and believe they live morally, when they indeed lead a diſorderly and debauched life. Beſides, theſe good Fathers forbid the reading of all Books that diſcover the Vices of the Clergy; which produces two very great miſchiefs to the world, but are to us both very ſucceſsful and advantageous; firſt, the obliging the people to take for Virtue and Piety, the irregularity and faults of the greateſt of thoſe who ought to ſerve for Examples and Mirrors to all *Chriſtendom* in general: And ſecondly, the flattering the Clergy, ſo that they being ſecure, that the people dare neither reproach nor affront them, they lie careleſly wrapt up and inveſted in debauchery, and wallowing in diſorderly luſts, and a thouſand other things contrary to the Laws of God. In a word, the Inquiſitors bring incredible advantages to our Kingdom; but we poch out their eyes thus, that themſelves may be made incapable to read thoſe Books,

the

the reading of which they have forbid to others: for ſhould they but once look them over, moſt certain it is, they would renounce the Inquiſition it ſelf, and ſoon diſcover an errour, which brings ſuch multitudes to Hell, and ſo amply enlarges the infernal Territories; but proves ſo ruinous and prejudicial to all Chriſtendom.

Marſor. *The truth is, I believe that the prohibiting the reading of thoſe Books, and the writing of any thing againſt the Vices of the Gentlemen of the Clergy, contributes only to the heightning their pride, making them imagine that they are much above the reach and level of other people, nay, infinitely greater than indeed they are; which lofty Opinion they poſſeſs themſelves of, even in deſpite of thoſe that know them beſt.*

Paſq. It was not the Primitive Popes who governed the Church in purity of life, that introduced the Inquiſition; but thoſe of the Clergy, who would live in the Church as *Sardanapalus* did in his Age. So long as the Clergy were piouſly addicted, and zealous for the Service

Service and Glory of God, and the Edification of their Neighbours, an Inquiſition was never talked of in the Church. But thoſe Gentlemen begun no ſooner to degenerate from their firſt Eſtate; and even from the very Nature of their Character, but they formed the Inquiſition in their Brains, to ſtop the mouths of the people, and hinder them from publiſhing thoſe Vices in which they wallowed with ſo much beaſtilineſs and exorbitancie: which is an evident ſigne, that the main end of thoſe who invented the Inquiſition, was not to trample down Hereſie, but to tread upon the people; frighting them ſo, that they durſt not in the leaſt murmur againſt the Vices and Infamies of the Clergy: which gives ſuch courage to the Eccleſiaſticks, that they think they may now ſin with what liberty they pleaſe, and look upon it only as Faſhion and Cuſtome. For the people dare now do no otherwiſe, but muſt ſanctifie the Vices of the Clergy, or elſe become a Sacrifice to the Cruelty of the Inquiſitors. Had the people the liberty to ſpeak and write againſt

the Scandals committed by the Clergy in the face of the whole Church, 'tis certain they would, for fear of seeing themselves trampled under foot, and their ill Lives and Conversations reproached by the people.

Marfor. *I have been told that their Reasons for forbidding the reading of these Books, is a Pecuniary Interest, and a Spiritual one too. That it is Spiritual, because by prohibiting these Books to others, they ingross to themselves what ought to be common to all the world; and so having them in their own hands, make their advantage of all the pains the Authors took in composing them; gathering flowers from them, to imbelish their own Sermons with. For I knew a famous Inquisitor, and one who passed for a great Preacher, who took the best part of his Sermons out of prohibited Books, only changing some Names and Figures. And indeed, in the unlicensed Books we may find the best thoughts and conceptions in the world to declaim well against Vice; there being nothing no more necessary, as to that Point, than to publish and make common what is by them kept close:*

cloſe. The Pecuniary Intereſt ariſes from thoſe ſcrupulous Perſons, who no ſooner hear of an Edict's being proclaimed againſt any Book, but away to the Inquiſition they carry it; and then the Fathers Inquiſitors, or their Vicars, after having extracted the ſubſtance of it, ſell it at a great rate to ſtrangers, and find a hundred pretences to colour ſuch a Traffick; for there's never a hole but an Inquiſitor will find a Peg for.

Paſq. Dear *Marforio*, If thou haſt obſerved, as I have done, the particulars of prohibited Books, you would be confounded with amazement. Canſt thou think that the Popes have any true zeal for the Honour of the Church? That the Cardinals have the fear of God before their eyes? Or the Inquiſitors any Honeſty in their hearts, who cry out like Devils againſt all Books which do in the leaſt divulge the Vices of the Clergy? Faith, never think it. Thoſe Popes who had a true zeal engraven in their Hearts; thoſe Cardinals that had pure hearts, untainted with the filth and ordure that corrupts the Clerical Order and Eſtate; and the

Inquiſitors who follow the Footſteps of our Saviour, would laugh at Satyrs and defamatory Libels or Hiſtories, which reprehend the Vices of others, and ſay to themſelves with a heart full of zeal, *Let us correct our Vices, to take away from Scandalizers all occaſion of ſpeaking or writing.* This all honeſt Prelates would ſay, when they hear prohibited Books ſpoke of; becauſe they know in their own Conſciences, that theſe Books touch not them at all. 'Tis the gall'd Horſe that winces and kicks, and wonnot take his Rider up. And juſt ſo it is with the Clergy; they find themſelves prickt in their Conſciences by thoſe prohibited and unlicenſed Books; and this makes them leap, and bounce, and run, and make a terrible noiſe, as though they had a Gad-bee, or the Devil in their Breeches: but thoſe who have none of thoſe Stings in their Conſciences, and know that thoſe Books could not be made of them, becauſe they have given no occaſion to any by their diſorderly carriage to revile them, laugh at all theſe Railleries and Satyrs, and take no notice of them, as things not

not any way appertaining to or touching them.

Marfor. *Troth, the Affair is juſt as thou ſetſt it out; for I know a* German *Canon, who runs about the ſtreets, and to the Cardinals Palaces, declaiming againſt all Books which publiſh the Vices of the Clergy: But the man has Reaſon for it; for he is a Sodomite, a Simoniack, an Aſſaſſin, a Seducer, a Haunter of Bawdy-houſes, a Ruffian, a ſcandalous Drunkard, and a ſworn Enemy to all pious Converſation and Duties; therefore becauſe he knows himſelf guilty of all theſe Enormities, and of ſo hardned and depraved a nature, that his own inclination hurries him to miſchief; finding every line laſhes him in particular, he believes all Books ought to be ſuppreſs'd that deſcribe ſuch as he is, and be buried together with their Authors; for the guilty Conſcience grows mad and outragious at the leaſt reproach.*

Paſq. I gueſs what Canon you mean, I know him, and he is now at *Rome*; but the filthieſt of his Vices, beſides all you have ſaid, is, that he is a great Spy.

Marfor. *You have him right, 'tis the ſame: But pray let us return where we were, that is, to the Apartment of my Lords the Inquiſitors.*

Paſq. Quite contrary, I am coming out from them; for it is the beſt way to have to do with them as little as you can. Well then, after having very well conſidered this Magnificent Inquiſition, I paſſed on, and went out at another Door, which was ſo narrow and ſtrait, that I was fain to ſhut my breath, and pinch in my ſides to get through. Though this way were ſomewhat obſcure, yet it led me into a Gallery much darker, where there was a man walking and bemoaning himſelf in a tone of voice that moved me to compaſſion. At his groans which iſſued from the depth of his deſpair, I felt my heart ſomewhat touched; and the more, becauſe I only heard his voice, and the motion of his body: beſides, when he heard me coming, he rais'd his voice ſo much the higher, crying out: *Ah, miſerable man that I am! who would ever have believed that I ſhould have been damn'd for the wicked works of others!* I preſently

ſently gueſs'd him ſome poor Confeſſor, becauſe thoſe wretched people ordinarily damn themſelves, by charging themſelves with the ill deeds of their Penitents: whereupon I began to comfort him, juſt as if he had been a Confeſſor. But he anſwered me with deeper ſighs and groans; How, ſaid he, a Confeſſor! I am a poor Bookſeller, who had not been condemned to the torments I ſuffer, but for having traded in other mens Works. Whereupon drawing nearer to him, I began to know him; and had no ſooner perfectly diſcovered who he was, but I began to admire the effects of God's Juſtice; for in truth, this was a Bookſeller who printed and publiſhed all the ſcandalous, profane, ſeditious, wicked, lying Books that the Devil himſelf could invent. In a word, his Shop was a very Brothel of Villanous and Laſcivious Books. Yet I ſeem'd to be concerned for his misfortune, that I might not add to his deſpair: but he eaſily diſcerning my compaſſion was but conſtrained and diſſembled, began to tell me, What needs this? 'Tis the com-

mon calamity of our Profeſſion, ſince we are not damn'd as people of other Trades are, for ſins by our ſelves committed, nor ſuffer ſuch cruel Torments, but only for the Crimes and bad works of others. He would have gone on, but a Devil ſtopt his mouth, burning leaves of old, worm-eaten Books, and rotten leather that had bound them, under his Noſtrils, which ſtunk abominably. Then ſaid I to my ſelf, If the Bookſellers undergo ſuch terrible Torments, only for having ſold the Books, what the Devil will become of the Authors that compoſed them?

Marfor. *Was there no more Book-ſellers there than he? And were not the Authors with them? I wonder at it, ſince ordinarily they have ſuch mutual commerce, and keep ſuch joynt intelligence with thoſe Paper-blotters, that I ſhould think them all together.*

Paſq. I believe farther on there might be more, but not many; not any Traffiquers this way ſcape Hell, but becauſe there are but few deal in that ſort of Merchandize; for as for thoſe that do, they are generally people who have

have either too much Conſcience, or elſe none at all; but howſoever they are inclined, intereſt ſtill ſways them, & they are all mighty intent, right or wrong, upon their own gain: not but there are ſome, who are ſometimes kind to their friends, but this kindneſs is always intermixed with ſome ſelf-advantage and intereſt. As for the Authors, I'll tell thee, that having aſked this poor Book-ſeller, if he knew not whither ſo many people went as ſpoiled ſuch vaſt Mountains of Paper with their ſcribbling; he made me lay my ear to an iron Wall on the right hand, in which there was a little Wicket. I no ſooner came near it, but but I heard a great noiſe and murmur like the humming of Bees, but infinitely lowder, and much more lamentable; at which I was much amazed, and almoſt beſide my ſelf; when I underſtood from the Devil that followed me, that all theſe miſerable people were Authors of Books: which ſo much the more aſtoniſhed me, becauſe there appeared to me to be more Authors of Books in Hell, than men in the world. Whilſt I was thruſting in my head

to

to make diſcovery, if I could, of ſome acquaintance, the Devil that had the Guard of the place, aſked me, if I would come in; and I having told him that he would much oblige me, to grant me admiſſion, he opened a door not very large; but at which, both I and the Devil who had charge to ſhew me the Rarities of the place, entred conveniently enough. At firſt I believed, that as there were divers ſorts of Authors, ſo they had divers ſorts of Torments; wherefore I ſought for the *Divines*, the *Philoſophers*, the *Hiſtorians*, the *Politicians*, the *Mathematitians*, the *Novelliſts*, the *Juriſts*, the *Caſuiſts*, the *Compoſers* of *Romances*, the Authors *of Books* of *Eſtate*, and the *Antichriſts*; but ſeeing no difference among them all, I aſked the Devil the reaſon of it; who anſwered, that among Authors no difference was to be made of perſon or matter, though the perſons and matters were uſually very different; for that in Hell they condemned not the Authors for the Books they had made, but for the end had moved them to make them. I deſired him to tell me what

that

that end was: which he did in few words, ſaying, That the end of all Authors in writing, was Intereſt and Ambition, two Furies which *Lucifer* ſent to the world to draw ſo many thouſand Souls to Hell: And becauſe theſe two Furies were lodged in the hearts of all Writers, therefore there were more of them found in Hell, than of any other Profeſſion. Adding, that it was of neceſſity all Writers muſt be damn'd, ſince there was ſcarce ever any of them writ, but to damn others. Beſides that imploying their whole time only to ſeek ſome of them new Conceptions, new Speculations, and new Inventions, and others Fables, Fancies, and Fantaſticks, they never gave leaſure to their underſtandings to ſearch into the purity of the nature of that God, whom they only made ſhew of adoring in outward appearance.

Marſor. *I believe Authors are in a great part damn'd, becauſe they drain their Brains ſo much, out of an Ambition to teach ſomething to others, that they do not leave themſelves Wit enough to know their Duty; which makes the*

the moſt part of theſe Gentlemen very vicious and defective.

Paſq. I believe ſo too. Whilſt the Devil was telling me theſe things, I obſerved the quality of the Torments theſe miſerable Authors endured: In the firſt place, they forced them to eat all the Books they had written, and then drew them out by the Fundament before any digeſtion was made: which uſage of them ſeeming ſomewhat unreaſonable to me, I communicated my thoughts to the Devil we had with us: who told me, I was a very fool to think to give Rules to Hell; adding, that it was a puniſhment very proportionable to their deſert: for as all Writers publiſhed their Books as ſoon as they had forged them in their Brain, without ever digeſting them in their judgment, and giving them that maturity neceſſary for them; ſo it was but juſt, that without attending the maturity of digeſtion, they ſhould void again thoſe Books which they had ſet abroad in the world, without taking care better to digeſt them. In the ſecond place, the De-

Devils had Curry-combs, with which they not only claw'd and curried, but miſerably tore the hands of theſe wretched Authors, that it would grieve any heart to hear them cry out like deſpairing people, and in the moſt doleful accents imaginable: *Curſed be the day that I begun to ſet Pen to Paper! Curſed be he that ſold me the Ink! Curſed be the Paper I wrote upon! Curſed be the Book-ſellers that bought my Copies! and, Curſed be the Standiſh that ſtood upon my Table!* I was ſtrangely moved at theſe odd kind of Execrations; and told the Devil, that in my Opinion theſe damned Souls were very much out of the way; that it were, methought, more reaſonable for them to rave againſt the time they had miſpent in their Cloſets, and the hours they had waſted in ſtudy, than againſt the Pen and Ink, which were Inſtruments meerly depending by accident. The Devil made anſwer, that I was much more deceived than they; and that the Authors could not rail againſt their Studies, becauſe they knew well they had never ſtudied, and therefore it would be

be ſenceleſs to rage or exclaim againſt a Myſtery they had never been guilty of, or in the leaſt acquainted with. He told me this in the pleaſanteſt manner of the world; and I found he was much in the right, though he were but a Devil. For the truth is, the moſt part of thoſe that write, ſcarce ever were in any other School, ſave that of their own imagination.

Marſor. *But tell me, did the Devil tell thee nothing more particularly concerning the Combs wherewith they curried the hands of theſe poor Authors?*

Paſq. He told me, that for about an Age ſince, writing has been only a pure Itch of the Fingers; and thoſe who undertook it, did it rather with the hand, than with the mind; and with the fingers, rather than the judgment; and therefore 'twas the Devils deſigne to claw this Itch out of their hands, ſince neither Wit nor Judgment could ever have been guilty of ſuch fooleries as are now daily impoſed on the world. Whilſt the Devil was telling this, we walkt along, the better to view theſe miſerable Authors, when on a ſudden I heard

heard one call me, but with a voice ſo pitiful and plaintive, that it made me ſhed tears, though I ſtrove to reſtrain them. Drawing near to this lamentable and doleful noiſe, I ſaw that it was *Ferrante Pallavicini*; which did not much ſtartle me, becauſe I was ever of a perſwaſion, that as he had always lived an Atheiſt, ſo he would at length have an Atheiſts reward. He being ſtill the ſame man, and being extremely rejoyced that he might eaſe his heart, and ſpeak freely with his friends; he no ſooner ſaw me, but he began to tell me, *Ah*, Paſquin! *how I repent my having compoſed ſuch vaſt Volumes of Satyrs, though I know well 'tis to ſmall purpoſe to repent when the thing is done: who would ever have believed, that a man, who had never any other aim than to reprehend the Vices of the Clergy, and to reſtore the Church to the primitive purity of its inſtitution, ſhould be condemn'd to ſuch heavy Torments! What is there in my Books but a perpetual reproach of Vice? and yet for reproving that, I ſuffer nothing but miſery!* He that writes (replied I) to reprehend the

the Vices of others, muſt firſt chaſtiſe himſelf, and amend his own faults. Saint *Paul* purged himſelf by Diſcipline in the night, and then in the day cried out againſt the ſins of the people. But what fruit couldſt thou expect from thy Satyrs againſt the Vices of the *Barbarini*, whilſt thou wert given over to all manner of looſneſs, wallowing like the Sow in the mire, in all manner of filthineſs? In a word, my dear *Ferrante*, he that would write to purge another, muſt firſt make clean himſelf.

Marſor. *Would to God all our Writers had been like to* Pallavicini: *what he writ was founded on Reaſon and Learning; whereas moſt of others Writings have neither ſence nor foundation.*

Paſq. That which I ſaid to *Pallavicini*, I ſaid likewiſe to as many as could come within hearing of me, who certainly had more need of it than he; and I'll promiſe thee, I was heartily grieved to ſee him in this ſad Condition: but ſince it was impoſſible either to comfort him, or releaſe him from that miſe-

miſerable place, I turned to the other ſide, where I beheld a great number of theſe wretched Authors flocking together; and every one with blows, baſtinado's, railings, revilings, and exclamations, endeavouring to drive away out of their Company a ſturdy impudent fellow, who, do all they could againſt him, ſtill made *Head*, and thruſt himſelf forward, for out he would not go; juſtifying that he deſerved a place there, as well as the beſt of them all; and that his Books, for ought he knew, had ſold as well as any of theirs. Thy Books, thou brazen-fac'd Scoundrel! cryes one: Canſt thou have the impudence to alledge that ever thou madeſt any thing publique, but what thou ſtoleſt out of other mens works, ſpoiling and debauching their ſenſe and ingenuity to thy own Villanies and Rogueries? Doſt thou think, thou Murderer of the Preſs, to have a place among men of Honour? Get thee gone with a Vengeance, and take up thy reſidence with the *broken Book-ſellers*, Ale-drapers, Pimps and Bawds, amongſt whom thou at firſt pick'ſt up thy fragments of

Villany and Nonſenſe. This was ſeconded by an univerſal cry, of Away with him, away with him; he has ſtole ſuch a Story from me, and ſuch a Story from me, and ſuch a paſſage from another: but all of them concluded, that he had ſo miſerably miſhapen and abuſed them, that it was indeed a ſhame to own them, or to let him be amongſt them; but if he durſt ſtay, they would be ſeverely revenged on him; and thereupon run all violently upon him: but the tumult growing high, and the Devils who had the Guard of them fearing what might be the conſequences, interpoſed, and told the Authors, that they were much in the wrong: for if they would well examine themſelves, eſpecially thoſe of the laſt Century, they would all find themſelves in a meaſure guilty of the ſelf-ſame Crimes they charged him withal; for what had they all done but rob'd the Antients? ſo that there was little difference indeed in their Thefts, but only that theirs could not ſo eaſily be diſcovered; and all that they could charge him with was, having a greater ſhare of impudence,

dence, and adventuring to ſteal even before mens faces; but that his fault was the leſs, becauſe he had only done it at the inſtigation of the Bookſellers, who prey'd upon his neceſſity, and egg'd him on to attempt things were above his capacity to undertake; whereas they had been led to it by pure vanity and Ambition. However, ſince he had got (no matter how) to be one of their Tribe, it was fit now he ſhould have a place amongſt them. There's no reaſon at all for that (cri'd they ten times louder than before) let him then be packt away among thoſe that ſet him awork. But the Devils beginning to draw forth their whips, all was huſht, and they forced to ſubmit. The Tumult being appeaſed, I preſſed forward to ſee him, and preſently knew him to be ſuch a fellow as they had repreſented him: for beſides his Thefts of that kind, he had run through all the Villanies and Debaucheries Hell had ever invented; ſo that I could not blame the Authors for being aſhamed of his Company, and begun to think that they had hard meaſure; but knowing

it to no purpoſe to argue with the Devils, I turned about to go out from thence, and in my way met with a little prick-ear'd Cuckold, who I had before obſerved making all the *Speed* he could away, doubting this Fury might juſtly light upon him next; but perceiving the Devils appear on their party, he was now ſneaking in again, reſolved to venture the *Scuffle*; and ſo he might very well, for he was ſo contemptible, that ſcarce any one took notice of him.

Marſor. *He could not be among ſuch crowds of Authors, but he muſt needs find ſome ſutable Company, to herd himſelf withal. But whither went you next?*

Paſq. Having left theſe miſerable Authors, I had not gone very far, but I found my ſelf in a place which I took to be the Arſenal of Hell, becauſe multitudes of Devils wrought here continually, to invent and frame new Inſtruments to chaſtiſe and puniſh the Souls of them that were within; whom they plagued and tormented with ſo much ſpleen, and ſo little ſence of pity, that it was enough to ſtrike terrour into

to half the world. At first I thought this might be the Hell of *Judas*, and those that crucified *Christ*; not imagining any others could possibly deserve so severe Torments. But having askt one of the Devils that wrought upon those Machines of Torment, he fell a mocking and flouting at me: What dost tell me of *Judas*, or *the Jews*, said he; these here are *Physitians*, *Apothecaries*, *Surgeons*, *Poysoners*, *Murderers*, *Hangmen*, and such like sort of people; against whom we are bound to use our utmost Art, and Industry, and Malice, to revenge the unjust wrongs they have done us. What wrongs? said I, methinks you rather owe an obligation to those sort of people, since they imploy both their labour, skill and cunning to unpeople the world, that they may the sooner people Hell. This is fine I faith, said he, that a *Roman* should come hither to give Lessons to the Devil, and teach him his Trade. We are not angry that these Slaughter-men of the world imploy their time to destroy men; but we're mightily griev'd they should destroy them before their time;

for 'tis the greateſt ſatisfaction we have, to ſee daily new comers into Hell: and 'tis moſt certain, that *Phyſitians* with their *Recipe's*, *Apothecaries* with their *Drugs*, *Surgeons* with their *Blood-lettings*, *Poyſoners* with their *Venom*, *Murderers* with their *Treaſons*, and *Hangmen* with their *Ropes* and *Hatchets*, deſtroy more in one day, than we know how to tempt in a whole year. You would think it hard to believe, that one *Phyſitian* alone, is more able to kill a body, than fifty Devils to gain a Soul. But the ſum of the matter is, we would have men live longer, that the number of their ſins may be increaſed, and ſo the quality of their Torments they are to ſuffer in Hell be proportioned; but we muſt be ſubject to the wills of *Phyſitians*, *Apothecaries*, and *Surgeons*, who have got ſuch a knack of killing people, they wonnot ſpare Children in their very Cradles. Before thoſe Rakehels got in ſuch throngs into the world, people lived above an hundred years, and we had the ſatisfaction to ſee them ſin daily all that time. But ſince theſe Devils of *Phyſitians*, *Apothecaries*, and

Sur-

geons crept in, 'tis hard to meet with one that lives to fourſcore; becauſe, forſooth, they muſt be imploying their pains to ſhorten man's life, and to kill him in the flower of his Age: not that they have a direct deſigne to kill them, but only to ſpin out the Diſeaſe, that they may get more Mony; but the miſchief is, that endeavouring to lengthen the Diſeaſe, they kill the body before its time. Conſider then, whether we have not reaſon to envy the fortune of theſe Slaughterers of Mankind. We are all deſtined to the ſame Function; the *Devils* to deſtroy the *Souls*, and *Phyſitians*, *Apothecaries*, and *Surgeons* the *Bodies*; and we who kill the Soul, which is the nobleſt part of man, get nothing for our pains; whilſt theſe Deſtroyers are paid what they pleaſe for killing the Body, which is the leſs noble part: would it not make a Saint mad, much more a Devil, to ſee a *Phyſitian* well rewarded for killing a Prince with two words of trouble, and that we can get no recompence, who take ſo much pains to ruine one Soul? In a word, 'tis the top of our delight here

in Hell, to torment the Souls of theſe here, who with ſo many Herbs, Iron, and Poyſon torment humane Bodies above.

Marſor. *Prethee let's go forward; for there's nothing more unwholſome than ſtaying too long near Phyſitians, who ſmell while they're here alive, of the Urine and Excrements they ſo often thruſt their Noſe to.*

Paſq. That little ill odour coſts the Patients purſe very dear. Paſſing from hence, we eſpied a very ſpacious Fabrick, of ſo vaſt an extent, that the eye of man was ſcarce able to fathome it: It was all encompaſſed with a mighty Wall; and within were ſeveral Halls, which ſeemed as if they had been on purpoſe built for places of Judicature: and the continual bawling, noiſe and clamour that we heard in them, confirmed me in an Opinion, that it was the great Tribunal of Hell, and the place where *Lucifer* kept his Courts; yet to be more certain, I aſked the Devil my Guide; who very courteouſly informed me, that I was only miſtaken in gueſſing it *Lucifer's* Courts of Juſtice; and that I was much deceived in grounding my conceit,

ceit it might be ſo, upon the continual brawling and ſcolding I heard there: for that Proceſſes in Hell were made without any noiſe or clamour at all, for they judging there of nothing but matter of fact, of which mens Conſciences were as a thouſand tacite Witneſſes againſt them, they needed no Pleas, Writs of Errour, or Demurrers in the Caſe; but however, he told me, he perceived that I was very well acquainted with the Lawyers ways of proceeding in the world, and that ſutable to them my judgment of the place had been; for that indeed was the reſidence appointed to the Judges, Lawyers, Advocates, Proctors, Atturneys, Sollicitors, Purſuivants, Apparitors, Bayliffs, Serjeants, Catchpoles, and all thoſe Tenterhooks of the Law. I was very deſirous to go and ſee them nearer; and if it were poſſible, get in: but we were no ſooner entred the Wall, but we were accoſted by a Company of Gentlemen in thredbare Cloaks, and greaſie Hats, who all, or moſt of them, had their ears pared to their very heads, and their tongues ſwoln with red-hot Irons,

Irons that had been thruſt through them; and yet they could not forbear following their Trade: for coming to me one by one, and ſlily pulling me by the Cloak; Sir, ſays he, let me but ſee your Deeds, I can teſtifie as much of the truth of them as any man living; or ſhew me but the ſtate of the Caſe, and I will finde two or three friends that ſhall ſwear to it, be it what it will; I can bring thoſe, Sir, that were preſent (and can give pregnant inſtances and circumſtances at the making of your Bargain, though it were done twenty years before they were born.) I preſently knew theſe to be a ſort of Rakehels, called *Knights of the Poſt*; and having no Employment for them, paſſed forward into one of the greateſt Halls, where there was a great many Seats of Juſtice, and many crowds of Lawyers, Attorneys, and other ſuch Caterpillars, ſtretching their Throats not with Law-Caſes, but with the moſt hideous Cries, and doleful Lamentations that ever were heard.

Marfor. *Where were the corrupt Judges (for I ſuppoſe none other here) ſeated?*

ſeated? Had they not ſome particular reſpect ſhewed them?

Paſq. O yes, they were mounted aloft upon Seats of red-hot Iron, and in flaming Robes, their Caps and Coifs full of burning Oyl; and on each ſide of them ſtood two Devils, who graſping each one of their hands, ſtrove to thruſt hot pieces of Gold into them; which they greedily ſnatched at, but the fierce heat of the Metal was ſuch, that it made way through their fiſts, and put them to miſerable torment; yet they cried not out at it, but made ſtrange and hideous grimaces, and nodded as if they had been aſleep; and no ſooner was one Bribe gone, but they reached out their hands for another. I thought this a puniſhment very proportionable to the Corruptions they had practiſed upon earth; and that as they uſed there to ſell Juſtice for Bribes, which generally proved Cankers in their Eſtates, and devoured all the reſt of what they had (for you ſeldome ſee the wealth of a corrupt Judge laſt to the ſecond Generation) ſo they ſhould now be Tantalized, and forced to receive Bribes,

Bribes, which they could not hold.

Marfor. *It was no more than they deſerved: But what other puniſhments didſt thou obſerve to be inflicted on the Lawyers?*

Paſq. They were various, according to their ſeveral Functions: the Counſellers and Advocates, who kept a horrid roaring for ſomething to cool their tongues, and made great interceſſion to the Devils to procure it, were from time to time promiſed mighty fine cooling Julips; but in the end were forced to ſwallow down whole pots full of flaming Brimſtone, *Aſſa-Fœtida*, and a thouſand other ſtinking Oyls; and this was done, in recompence of having ſo often told their Clients that they had a fair Cauſe, egging them on, only to get more and more Fees out of them; when they knew their buſineſs of it ſelf would ruine them, and leave them at laſt to rot in a Goal: the Attorneys and Proctors were in whole ſholes ſet in Pillories, for forging Writs, Wills, Deeds, and Conveyances; and it was once upon Debate, to engage them and the Taylors in a War together, they being

being ſo equally armed; for their Bills were much of a length. The Sollicitors being a kind of troubleſome intermedling fellows, were kickt from one Company to another, and got a ſhare in every ones torment. The Apparitors, Catchpoles, and other ſuch Cattle, were ſome of them ſhaved with Urine and Ordure; others thrown down into houſes of eaſement; others pumpt with ſcalding water, but of ſo abominable a ſcent, that I was ſcarce able to endure it: and it was a wonder to ſee how ſpiteful even the Lawyers were to theſe fellows, though they could not tell how to be without them. But that which affected me moſt of all was, to ſee about half a dozen of Devils, who had got one ſingle fellow up into a corner, and were toſſing him in a Blanket, and kicking, pinching, and ſpurning him in an extraordinary manner, and much different from all the reſt. I ran to look on nearer hand, and had the curioſity to enquire why they uſed him more deſpitefully than all the reſt: to which one of the Devils very readily repli'd, You muſt know, Friend, that this was one of the moſt

moſt contemptible Raſkals living, begot between a *Jew* and a *Dutch Vrowken*, who has only crept in amongſt the Lawyers by meer chance, and got to be an out-lier to the Innes of Court, only to pick up ſo much Law, as might ſet his Kindred and Relations together by the ears; and therefore we are only giving him a little chaſtiſement, and then turning him out to follow his old Trade of huffing and lying, which will procure him ſo many beatings, that the Devils need not be put to any farther trouble to torment him. I thereupon looked more attentively upon him, and by a caſt of his eye, ſoon knew him to be the ſame they had deſcrib'd him; and the Devils plying their work, gave him two or three ſwindging toſſes, which made him ſo looſe in the hilts, that he caſt forth ſuch a ſtink, I was no longer able to endure it.

Marſor. *Prethee then leave him in that ſhitten condition, and proceed.*

Paſq. From thence we paſſed to another place much larger, and compaſſed with Walls of fire, ſo high, that I thought it impoſſible to enter it; where-

fore

fore I resolved only to see the outside: and being got as near as possibly I could, I began to hear the most lamentable, affrightful, and despairing voyces imaginable; which made me desirous to try, if I could understand any of them; and therefore made a stand, to hearken of what quality these damned Souls were; and I gave as good ear as I could, but could hear nothing but confused voyces, which cried out, *Oh, that I had oftner read the Divine Offices! Oh, that I had gone earlier to the Choir! Oh, that I had never stole that Chest of Treasure! Oh, that I had celebrated Muss with more devotion! Oh, that I had never writ those lying Letters to my Superiour! Oh, that I had been more retired and reserved in the Convent! Oh, that I had never let Whores nor Bardashes come within my Chamber! Oh, that I had never plaid at Cards with the Laity! Oh, that I had never rob'd the Poors Box! Oh, that I had refrained from committing publique Scandals! Oh, that I had not so much hated the Breviary! Oh, that I had not had so much aversion to Obedience! Oh, that I had*

had performed my Vows! Oh, that I had not had ſo much ambition to aſpire to Dignities! Oh, that I had not broke ſo many Faſt-days, and eſpecially in Lent! Oh, that I had contented my ſelf with a Monaſtique and Religious life! Oh, that I had never meddled with worldly matters! Oh, that I had not kept that infamous Whore, under pretence of being my Niece! Oh, that I had been more attentive to the Cure of Souls committed to my Charge! Oh, that I had never taken the mony of the dead to give to my Kindred who are yet alive! Oh, that I had not ſold the Conſecrated Veſſels to fill my Purſe! Oh, that I had never put on that diſguize, & transformed my ſelf from Religious Orders to a Merchant! Oh, that I had been more humble and meek! Oh, that I had not been idle in the Service of God! Oh, that I had never made a mock of Heaven and Hell! Oh, that my heart had been free from the Paſſions of the Age! Oh, that I had not done this! And, Oh, that I had not done that! All theſe, and thouſand voices like them, ſounded in my ears; which made me believe that this

this was the Hell of the Prieſts and Friers; and going to inform my ſelf better of my Devil-Guide, he told me, I had hit the mark: whereupon I beg'd of him, that if it were poſſible, he would find a way that I might enter, to the end I might boaſt one day, I had ſeen thoſe Prieſts, Monks, and Friers tormented in Hell, who themſelves ſo much tormented people on earth, and that under a veil of Piety, and ſhew of doing them good.

Marſor. *For my part, I could have paſſed over that curioſity, and have given all this wicked Race to the Devil.*

Paſq. It had been the beſt way; but all the world are not of one make: let it ſuffice, that the Devil contented my Curioſity, for he found out a Hole directly like that of a houſe of Office, by which we entred into this place; for it had no Door: which made me aſk the reaſon; to which the Devil anſwered, that as the Friers ſtole out of the Convent by imperceptible ways without the leave of their Superiour, ſo they entred into Hell without being perceived by any, having nothing but a hole

in their Appartment for the Prieſts to entern to which I anſwered, that I wondred there could be a hole where theſe Rakehels lived, ſince they ſtudied nothing more, than how to ſtop them.

Marſor. *But how could you paſs ſo ſtrait a Hole? Were you not afraid of ſticking by the middle?*

Paſq. No indeed, for the Holes at which the Prieſts enter are ſo wide, that a Horſe may follow them: we were no ſooner in, but I was mightily pleaſed within my ſelf; for I expected to find the Prieſts and the Monks, or at leaſt the Prieſts, the Monks, and the Devils all together, clad in the ſame faſhion, and without diverſity of nature; and I imagined this, out of the agreement I knew there was between Monks and Devils; becauſe as the Devils ſtrive all they can to enrich Hell with Booty, ſo the Monks ſtudy to fill their Cloyſters with other mens goods. Beſides, I have heard one woman ſcolding at another, ſuppoſed to have had dealings with a Monk, call her *Hackney, or Jade of the Devil*; which made me not doubt but the Monks were real Devils.

But

But I found my self utterly deceived; for the Priests and Monks had no other sorts of Habits but what they wear in this world, and the Devils that tormented them were cloathed like Women and Boys; at which wondring somewhat more, I askt a Devil the reason, who told me, that I ought not to be scandalized to see the Monks tormented in their proper Habits, for having committed a thousand Villanies and Scandals under the security and respect that Habit gave them; it was just that those Habits which had covered so many wickednesses and enormities, should partake in the pains of those who had committed them.

Marfor. *The truth is, to speak things according to Justice, yet with respect to those Religious men that have the fear of God, the Habit of a Monk is a Habit that cloaks great Vices, and covers a multitude of insufferable sins. But what said they to thee of the Devils that were in the form of Women and Boys?*

Pasq. They told me they were so transformed, to make the Monks more courageously endure the pains of Hell: And

for a reaſon, told me, that the Devils, knowing that the Monks had a marvellous inclination to do all ſorts of wicked actions, and to ſuffer all ſorts of injuries, villanies, affronts and fooleries, and a thouſand torments for the love of Women and Boys; they had thought good to metamorphoſe themſelves into thoſe perſons who had moſt aſcendant over them, and greateſt power to overcome them. Mean time I went to viſit all theſe miſerable damn'd Creatures, but this viſit did only beget aſtoniſhment in me, to ſee an infinite number of thoſe Monks I had known in *Rome*, and which there paſſed for *Hillarion*'s and *Macarius*'s: I ſaw among the reſt, a *Capuchin*, who lay groaning under intollerable Torments; and I went nearer him, to ſee if he were not one that I had known at *Rome*; I found he was the ſame: of whom it was there reported, that he never eat any thing but a few Roots or Herbs ſeaſoned upon the Coals; that he whipt himſelf all night before a Crucifix; that he continued all day long in Oraiſons and Prayers: in a word, he was looked upon as an Abridgement of Miracles.

racles. But ſeeing him now in this place, I could not but joyn my hands, and form my ſelf into all the uſual poſtures of man when he ſees a Miracle beyond the order of Nature. My Devil perceiving it, ſpoke to me in this manner: If thou knew'ſt, ſaid he, of what leaven many of theſe Religious are made, thou wouldſt not be ſo much ſurprized to ſee them ſuffer the Torments they have ſo juſtly deſerved. Hypocriſie, for which Heaven has ſuch an averſion, has built its Neſt in the Convents of the Friers, who never do good but by force, and contrary to their nature, which continually hurries them to evil: I need ſay no more to thee; for under the name of Hypocriſie, I comprehend all their iniquity: for they have the Countenances of perſons holy and perfectly good, and carry the fineſt outſide in the world; but they have a Soul all blackned with Crimes, and are inwardly a ſink of Vices and Corruption, making a mock both of God and man. I anſwered him nothing to this; but I ſwore never more to truſt or believe

the falſe appearances of theſe people.

Marſor. *I promiſe thee to do the ſame. But tell me, was there any* Dominicans *there?*

Paſq. Any there? Yes, I'll aſſure thee, and in ſuch vaſt number, that it would baffle an indifferent Arithmetician to take the account; but it was not poſſible for me to know any of them, by reaſon of the Torments they lay under, which were much different from any of the others.

Marſor. *How's that? Has every Order a particular Torment?*

Paſq. Yes marry have they: And the Torment of the Order of St. *Dominick* is to carry every one a Devil on his back. Mighty pretty it was to ſee theſe poor wretches ſcrambling along upon all four, and a Devil ſitting aſtride them with a whip in his paw, with which he paid their Buttocks; and at the ſame time gave them a check with his Bridle, which the poor beaſt had in his mouth like a Mule. I had the Curioſity to aſk the reaſon, why there was no other Monks but theſe had this puniſhment?

niſhment? To which my Devil made anſwer, that theſe Monks had been ſo accuſtomed to ſwell themſelves, and grow lofty in this world, that they alone had more pride than all the reſt of the Monks together: wherefore *Lucifer* jealous of the pride of this Order, whom he found a thouſand times prouder than himſelf, had condemned them to be humbled in Hell, ſince they had been ſo lofty upon earth. Having further demanded, why they gave them ſo many laſhes with their whips, and checkt them ſo with their Bridles? He added, Becauſe they had ſo much ſpared their Buttocks, upon which they had never ſo much as given one ſtroke of Diſcipline, as other Religious Orders do. Ah! by my Faith, ſaid I, that's a thing I never heard before: I know well that theſe good Fathers have pride rooted in the very marrow of their bones; but I never thought that their pride prevailed againſt their Diſcipline. The Devil told me, I was very much deceived; for Diſcipline was uſed to mortifie the Body; whereas on the contrary, theſe Fathers uſe to go ſtrut-

ting in a ſtately poſture up and down the City, wheeling their Buttocks to the right and the left; I having ſeen them a million of times marching in the poſture the Devil deſcribed them. I anſwered him nothing to that, becauſe the deſcription was abſolutely true. I only pray'd him to tell me the meaning of the Bridle in their mouth. To which he ſaid, that they having been accuſtomed to ſtop the mouths of all ſorts of people by means of their Tyrannical Tribunal of the *Inquiſition*; ſo that freedom of Speech ſeem'd baniſhed Chriſtendom, by reaſon of the Bridle of the Holy Office, which theſe Monks held expreſly in their hands to ſtop every ones mouth; therefore we make them, ſaid he, ſuffer the ſame puniſhment in Hell, they made others ſuffer on earth. I had ſtaid no longer to ſee theſe peoples pride humbled, but would have paſſed on to view the Torments of others, had I not by chance eſpied here and there mingled amongſt them a ſort of people ſo much different from them in Habit, that I could not remember ever to have ſeen the like of them;

them; and yet in pride and loftineſs of Countenance, they ſeemed much to reſemble the *Dominicans*, or rather to exceed them; they were all clad in long black Cloaks, and had on their heads little black Caps, turned up with an edging of white, which looked moſt demurely; they had handkerchiefs tied about their necks, to dry up the ſweat that fell down from their heads with too much pains taking in venting and forcing their Doctrines; and upon their Breaſts each of them had a Paper pinn'd; which looking intentively upon, I found to be entituled, *A Solemn League and Covenant.*

Marſor. *What kind of Cattle can theſe be? And how the Devil came they to be among the* Dominicans?

Paſq. I had the Curioſity to enquire of a Devil that beſtrid one of them, what they were? who preſently told me, that they were a ſort of ſtubborn Northern Schiſmaticks, who though in the main of their Principles they were abſolutely different from the *Dominicans*, yet becauſe of their exact ſympathy with them in Pride, Ambition, and Co-

Covetouſneſs, they had placed them in Hell along with them, and ordained them the ſame puniſhment: for that as thoſe Fathers had ſtopt the mouths of all that writ or ſpoke againſt them; ſo theſe Hypocrites damned all others that were in the leaſt contradictory to them in Opinion, endeavouring to erect themſelves a Tyranny over the Souls of men; and whilſt they ſcorned to ſubmit to any Order or Rule, would force all others to bend to their Rule and Domination, Tyrannically inſulting over the Conſciences of men, and ſparing neither Blood, Murther, Deſolation, Deſtruction of Kingdoms, Rapines, Ruines, Plunder, or any Miſchief, to accompliſh their wretched Deſignes, and ſatiate their deſire of Rule; behaving themſelves with ſuch an inſupportable ſpiritual Pride, that even ſome of their own Spawn abhorring their Tyranny, and yet tainted with their ambitious Example, were not only about to caſt off their Yoke, by getting ſeparate Congregations of their own, but even ready to get upon their backs, and make them carry double. I was well enough

enough ſatisfied with this Relation of the Devils; and thinking them juſtly puniſhed, as well as the *Dominicans*, for their Pride and Ambition, went amongſt the other Orders. The *Franciſcans* vehemently diſputed one againſt the other, who ſhould take place, each Order pretending to go firſt. At the ſame time the *Capuchines* and the *Reformiſts*, who had been *Mendicants*, rail'd at and reviled the *Conventuals*, and they again gave them as good as they brought; making it appear, that the poverty of which they made Profeſſion, was a forced Poverty, ſticking on the outſide of the Habit, but never touching the heart: and the *Recolets*, which were neither poor nor rich, were enraged againſt both, and uttered all the injurious terms they could invent: but it was moſt obſervable, that all this while the Devils fomented their diſorder, and when they ſaw their rage at the higheſt, threw themſelves between them, each with a good Bar of Iron in their hands, and parted the quarrel, telling them, *That they ſhould remember they were Minors.* 'Tis true,

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the *Recolets* were exempt from this puniſhment; for the Devils hung them up by the neck, inſtead of giving them the Baſtinado with the others; and I aſking the reaſon, they told me, they deſerved to be treated like Thieves, becauſe they had taken away ſo many Convents from the *Franciſcans*. Turning on the other ſide, I ſaw the *Auguſtines*, who ſuffered the ſame Torments with the *Franciſcans*. So I thought it no longer worth looking on, the rather, becauſe I ſaw near that place the *Minimes*, that is, the *Franciſcans* of St. *Paul*, the laſt Order that came into the world.

Marſor. *How is it poſſible? Are thoſe good Fathers, ſo full of Charity, got to Hell too?*

Paſq. Sure enough; nor went they thither, but for too much truſting to their Charity, as one of the Devils who had charge to Torment them, told me, who gave them flames of fire to eat; but methought 'twas a food they did not very well reliſh, but were rather very much diſguſted at it, and made juſt ſuch ill-favoured faces, as ſick men do, that

are

are to take a loathſome Potion: and I'll promiſe you, I think they had reaſon, for the Devils were not very mannerly with them in giving them their meat, for they uſed no Spoon great or ſmall, but threw it in by whole Kettles and whole Pots-full. I thought at firſt that the Devils had done it to a good end, to digeſt ſo much Oyl, raw Herbs, Fiſh ill-boil'd, unwholſome Pulſe, and other ſuch Lenten-fare, with which theſe good Monks had been accuſtomed to fill themſelves withal in the Cloyſter: But the Devil, of whom I ſpoke before, told me, that of all Religious Orders, theſe moſt of all wanted heat and warmth within: for ſince they had inflamed their Cloyſter-walls with the Deviſe and Embleme of Charity, taking a pride to have it painted not only over their Hall and Kitchin-doors, but not letting their very Privies eſcape, but all bedawbing them with the fire and flames of Charity; they had quite extinguiſhed it in their hearts, and baniſhed thence all manner of Charity, not regarding either the poor, or any other Orders, but driving them from the

doors

doors of their Convents, & therefore we have, says he, taken this resolution, again to enflame their hearts as much as possible. The Devil said no more on this Subject, but let me pursue my way, where I beheld Monks and Friers of all Orders, whom I very attentively viewed and surveyed, not out of any Devotion I had for them, but only to see if I could among them discover any *Jesuites*, who now run only in my head; but the further I walked, and the more narrowly I searched, the greater was my amazement, because I had already passed whole thousands of *Franciscans*, *Augustines*, *Carmelites*, *Dominicans*, Regular *Canons*, and in a word, all sorts of Friers, but could not see one *Jesuite* amongst them all: whereupon I heedlesly cast my self among the throng of these wretched people, to try if I could by that means find them out. At last I spied at a great distance people clad in black like the *Jesuites*; whereupon I mended my pace, and made towards them, hoping now to finde what I sought after; but I was deceived, for these were onely *Theatines* and *Sommaschs*,

maſchs, who are yet two Orders that pretend to the *Jeſuitical* ſteps. I therefore addreſſed my ſelf to one of theſe Fathers, to enquire, if he could tell me any tidings of the *Jeſuites*; but he could not at all ſatisfie my Curioſity, only (with diſmal groans and revilings of that little-banded demure Society) told me, that the *Theatines* and *Sommaſchs* might thank them for being in Hell, for they had never come to that place of Torment, but for following the Maximes of the *Jeſuites*. It came then into my head, that ſince theſe *Jeſuites* were neither Prieſts nor Monks, neither of the Age nor Religion, they might poſſibly be mixed here and there amongſt the one and the other: Wherefore, after having as exactly as I could, ſurveyed all the Monks and Friers of every Order, I went into the Prieſts Quarter, where the croud was ſo great, that it was almoſt two hours e're I could get entrance, and yet there were only Prieſts there; though in the other parts all other Orders were intermixed. I yet began ſeriouſly to look every one in the face, and aſk them, if they were not

Jeſuites:

Jesuites: but they answered me very snappishly, as if I had done them a mighty injury to imagine such a thing of them. And thus having viewed all the Priests, the Canons, and the Abbots, who all lay under dreadful Torments; I went to the Confinement of the Archbishops and Bishops, though without any hope of finding there any *Jesuites*; for I could not conceive, since they had always slighted Bishopricks and Archbishopricks, and contemned that Dignity, as too mean for their deserts and merits, that the Bishops would never entertain them into their Company. And thus half in despair not to accomplish my desire of seeing the *Jesuites*, I sat me down upon a stone, beating my Brains, and studying with my self, where the Devil these *Jesuites* should be: Can it possibly be, said I, that these Reverend Fathers have committed to the charge of their deceased Brotherhood all that Mass of Treasures they have with so many Stratagems cheated and rob'd the world of? And have they by vertue of that mony, of wch they have so much in their possession, made a pur-

chase

chaſe of Heaven? Or do the Devils now commit them to the Guardianſhip of Women, who made Profeſſion on earth of being ſuch civil Guardians of that Sex? Whilſt I was thus ſtudying and perplexing my ſelf, the Devil that was my Guide took notice of it, and obſerving that the earneſt and longing deſire I had to ſee the *Jeſuites*, made me almoſt impatient: That I might no longer afflict my ſelf in that manner, he told me, that he knew a way how to ſatisfie my Curioſity, but that there was ſome Cunning and Management to be uſed, for that to ſee the *Jeſuites* in Hell was a matter of State, and that the Devils out of Policie only kept them there. I anſwered, that I was ready to do any thing he thought neceſſary to ſatisfie my Curioſity. Whereupon going forward, he bid me follow him; and preſently we came into a broad way, lined on both ſides with Pike-men and Muſketiers, cloathed juſt like the Regiment of Guards; which made me preſently imagine, that we were going to the Court of *Lucifer* Emperour of Hell: nor had we trod much ground

before we arrived at the Court-Gates, which were guarded by a little Army of Souldiers divided into three Squadrons, but they gave us free paſſage; and no ſooner got we into the Hall, but the Uſhers ſaluted us, and ſome of the Gentlemen in Ordinary of Great *Lucifer*'s Chamber came to receive us, and told us, they had expreſs Orders not to introduce any Embaſſy to their Maſter, till they had firſt acquainted him who deſired Audience, and what they had to requeſt. Whereupon the Devil that was my Guide, declared the longing deſire I had to ſee the *Jeſuites*, and that I came to beg the favour of his Infernal Majeſty, that I might have permiſſion to enter into their Hell.

Marfor. *The ſight was not worth the pain, nor were the Reverend Mr.* Jeſuites *of ſuch a value, that you ſhould expoſe your ſelf to the ſight of the Prince of Darkneſs, only to gaze a little on them, that call themſelves the light of the world; I ſhould e'ne have been ſatisfied to hear that they were ſafe in the Devils Clutches.*

Pasq. So many men, so many minds; for my part, I would go willingly to Hell, only to have the satisfaction to see one *Jesuite* in Purgatory. At length the Infernal Officers conducted me to my Audience before *Lucifer*, who was seated upon a very lofty Throne, all of hot burning Coals, enterlaced with flames, and throwing sparkles on every side like a Smiths forge. I freely and with a loud voice declared my request to him; and he very peaceably hearkned to me. But at length he put so many Questions to me, that I almost began to repent that I ever had thought of the *Jesuites*; and I began to grow sensible that he mock'd at me, and droll'd upon my Curiosity: however, at length he rose up, and taking three Keys that lay under his Neck, and giving them to three of the most deviliſh Devils that attended about his Infernal Majesty, gave them likewise in charge to conduct me to the *Jesuites* Quarter. So taking my leave of *Lucifer*, who at his licensing me, said no more, but, *Go, and satisfie your fooliſh Passion*; I applied my self to follow those Devils who carried

the Keys; and paſſing out by the back-gate of *Lucifer*'s Palace, we came into a large ſtreet, guarded on each ſide by great Squadrons of Devils; and notwithſtanding the doleful obſcurity of thoſe Infernal Regions, made very light by the flames that iſſued out of the ſeveral receptacles of the damned that ſtood very thick on one ſide and the other, and looked juſt like the Furnaces of ſo many Glaſs-houſes, but were of a monſtrous ſize and bigneſs, and almoſt infinite in number; ſome indeed were of a much larger extent and circumference than others, and all of them (together with their flames) ſent out an intolerable ſtench, and ſuch horrid yellings and howlings, as would have ſtruck terrour into the moſt reſolved & courageous heart: this ſight & noiſe put me into greater ſurprizes than any thing I had yet ſeen; and the rather, becauſe I could not imagine theſe yet to be the *Jeſuites* I came to ſeek for, becauſe I could perceive upon every ſeveral Receptacle a different Banner, which ſeemed to look rather like the Enſigne of ſome Secular than Religious Order.

Marſor.

Marſor. *What were thoſe then? And what account did the Devil that was thy Guide, give thee of them?*

Paſq. I had no occaſion to have recourſe to him for information; for one of the Infernal Counſellors perceiving my amazemenr, told me, that Hypocriſie and deceit, under a veil of Piety, being the moſt abhorred of all ſins, It was the Order and Policie of Hell, to inflict on it the ſevereſt of all pains; but that I was yet got but amongſt thoſe of the firſt degree in that cunning way of beguiling, and that there were ſeveral Societies of Tradesmen, who under a pretence of honeſty and fair-dealing, had uſed to put off falſe and counterfeit Wares, and cheat their Cuſtomers with many ſubtle and feigned lyes and devices, avouching the Commodity for good and cheap, which they knew to be decayed and dear; and with their cogging expreſſions, inſinuating and flatt'ring men out of their mony, and drawing thoſe curſes upon themſelves, which they now rued. I was the better convinced of the truth of what he ſaid, by

obſerving the Banners of every ſeveral Company, by which I might eaſily diſtinguiſh them: there were *Mercers*, *Grocers*, *Drapers*, *Fiſhmongers*, *Goldſmiths*, *Skinners*, *Merchant-Taylors*, *Haberdaſhers*, *Salters*, *Ironmongers*, *Vintners*, *Clothworkers*, *Sadlers*, *Girdlers*, *Diſtillers*, *Sugar-Bakers*, *Smoakers*, *Woodmongers*, *Coopers*, *Fellmongers*, *Carpenters*, *Joyners*, *Upholſters*, *Brewers*, *Butchers*, *Poulterers*, *Cooks*, *Ale-Drapers*, *Bakers*, *Pewterers*, *Pariſh-Clerks*, *Sextons*, *Braſiers*, *Black-ſmiths*, *Dyers*, and above an hundred other ſeveral Companies, as well of Retailers, as Mechanicks: but it was obſervable, that neither the Receptacles of the poor Artiſts were ſo large, nor the flames that iſſued out of them ſo vehement, as thoſe of the higher and idler Callings; which the Infernal Counſellor gave me a ſubſtantial reaſon for; becauſe they (ſaid he) have not the opportunity or power to defraud and cheat ſo much as the other; and though many of them have the will to do it, yet if they thrive by it, they turn themſelves over into ſome of the greater

greater Companies; and if they do not, they moſt of them repent.

Marfor. *But by the way, pray tell me, what order is taken with the* Vintners *in Hell? for methinks their Condemnation ſhould be great, who condemn men to ſo many pains and tortures upon earth with their Sophiſtications and baſe Wine.*

Paſq. Oh, the Devils know theſe to be a company of rank Raſkals, and uſe them accordingly; nay, it has been often in Debate to have turned them among the *Phyſitians*, *Surgeons*, *Apothecaries*, and *Hangmen*; but though they are generally as great deſtroyers of Mankind as any of theſe ſlaughter-men, yet for many politick Reaſons it hath hitherto been forborn, and eſpecially becauſe thoſe whom they kill, generally dye in the very act of ſin, and by the fumes of their ill wine, are often exaſperated to Murders, or ſome other Villany; and ſo they collaterally ſend griſt to the Mill, and bring advantage to Hell; beſides, they being from their youth upwards trained up in Lying and Deceit, grow ſo hardned in iniquity,

that few or none of them ever repent; ſo that (as the Infernal Counſellor told me) the Devils were in a manner conſtrained to allot them a Manſion to themſelves (though they often run into Villanies of other Orders) their numbers being ſo great, that it would be inconvenient to joyn them with any others: and this is the reaſon too, ſaid he, why their infernal habitation is, as you ſee, much larger than any of the reſt.

Marſor. *I wonder you had not the Curioſity to go in and ſee them: For my part, I ſhould have fancied to have found many of my old acquaintance among them.*

Paſq. And ſo certainly thou wouldſt; and that very reaſon made me expreſs my deſire of ſeeing them to the Counſellor that was ſo kind to entertain Diſcourſe with me; who very readily commanded entrance at a little Wicket, which opened at his beck, without any ones touching it; and no ſooner was I got in, but I perceived my ſelf almoſt quite encompaſſed with cluſters of my acquaintance. There was my old friend

of

of the *Fleece*, and my Hectoring Bully of the *Kings-Head*, and *Dick* of the *Globe*, and *George* of the *Mermaid*, and *Will* of the *Sun*, and *Harry* of the *Caſtle*, and *Tom* of the *Horn*, and *Sam* of the *Fountain*, and almoſt a thouſand other Raſkals that I had known, and who had uſed to put the change upon the Company whenever they perceived them beginning to grow warm; however it grieved me now to ſee them endure ſuch violent torments, for the Devils forced whole Ladle-fulls of Flapdragon down their throats, which made them make worſe *Grimaces* than their Cuſtomers uſed to do at their ſophiſticated Wine over-night, or with their head-aking next morning.

Marſor. *But did you not go in and ſee ſome other Trades as well as the* Vintners?

Paſq. Oh yes, ſeveral, and indeed almoſt all; for the Infernal Counſellors were very civil to me, and ready to comply with whatever I deſired. The *Mercers* and *Drapers* were put to continual folding and unfolding artificial flakes of fire the Devils had purpoſely prepared for

for them: The *Grocers* were kept as delicious bits, and hasht and coockt up by the Devils, as Rarities and Ragousts for *Lucifer*'s own Paalte: The *Goldsmiths* and *Pewterers* had torments much alike; for all their false Alloys of Copper, Lead, and other Metals, being separate from the true Gold, and Silver, and Pewter, were molten and poured down their throats; and yet the Rogues, as fast as they passed through them, would catch at them again, to be following their old Trade still, so sweet was the remembrance of the gain they had made that way: The *Bakers* were thrown into hot Ovens, and then taken out piping hot, and set by to stale, and so dawb'd over in water, and thrown in again, to make them come out like their bread new: The *Brewers* were parboil'd in their own Coppers, for want of Malt. But the most ill-favoured people of all were the *Dyers*, who being thrown into their own Caldrons of variety of Colours, came out such motley Creatures, that the Devils themselves knew not what to make of them. In short, every Trade had its different punish-

puniſhment, and every particular man of it had his torments formed ſutable to the Cheats he had uſed in his Vocation.

Marſor. *But were there no other but theſe Halls of* Citizens *in this place, and no intermixture of people that were not incorporated?*

Paſq. Yes ſurely: For as in all great Cities, there are as well Goales for the great Thieves, Bridewels for the ſmaller fry, and *Bethlem* for mad folks, as Halls for the incorporated Companies; ſo here were likewiſe receptacles for the rabble, though not ſo numerous as the others, becauſe they that had any favour or friendſhip ſheltred themſelves under ſome one or other of the Companies; but thoſe that were meer Rakeſhames (for in Hell they ſtand much on their Credit, and will think it a mighty diſparagement to be ſeen in ill Company) were driven out by them, and forced to take up their Manſions among the Vagrants in the houſes of Correction to that end appointed; three of which I took particular notice of; one for mixture of *Uſurers*, *Scriveners*, *Knights* of the

the *Poſt*, and a multitude of ſuch like miſerable Creatures: a ſecond for *Hectors*, Brothers of the Blade, and choice Lads, who had moſt of them been turn'd out of the world in a drunken fit, and ſo being taken up by a Conſtable-Devil and his Watch, brought thither into the Round-houſe: and the third, and moſt remarkable of all, for Scolds; but this laſt, though it had the ſtrongeſt Guard of Devils about it, and all the Avenues ſo ſtopp'd and fortified, that ſcarce an open cranny was to be diſcovered, yet all would not ſerve, but that the noiſe and clamour reſounded throughout the whole concave of Hell; and no Hall, though never ſo remote, but was tormented with the dreadful clack of theſe peoples tongues, and counted it the very greateſt of all their torments they endured. Nay, indeed the very Devils themſelves were terrified at it; for when I made a motion of ſeeing theſe *Pentheſilea's* that made all this rout and noiſe, the Infernal Counſellor that had before been ſo kind to me, ſtarted, and cried out, Haſt thou then, *Roman* (ſaid he) ſo much courage

rage, to venture thy ſelf amongſt theſe *Virago's*, whom the Devils themſelves tremble at? it being a Queſtion left yet undecided by all the Philoſophy of Hell, whether they torment us more, or we them. But I confiding in the Magick of my firſt Unction, which had preſerved me in the midſt of ſo many vehement flames, thought I might venture the fire of their tongues, and ſo I told him; and he at length unwilling to have me go away diſſatisfied, after ſome debate with his two fellow-Counſellors, conſented to comply with my Curioſity. And having firſt cauſed a very ſmall Gate, but ſtrongly barr'd, to be open'd, and after that a ſecond, brought us to an Iron *Portcullis* (for farther he durſt not go himſelf) through which we might ſee with convenience enough all this *Billings-gate* Rabble: no ſooner had we clapt our faces to the openings of the *Portcullis* to look in upon them, but the whole Rout got as thick as they could ſtand about it, and ſputtering at us like Cats: *Out you damn'd Tatter-demalian Rogues* (cries one) *d'ee come here to brave us? You*

Son

Son of a ſplay-footed Bitch (cries another) *d'ee think to make a ſcorn and a jeer of your betters? I'de have you to know, you Rogue, that my father was as honeſt a Taylor as ever was in Hell, and came in his time to be Sexton of his Pariſh; and d'ee think I'll be ſteer'd at by ſuch a Pinch-gut Rogue as thou art? Away, away, you mangy louſie Raskals,* (cries a third) *or by my Mothers —— if I but reach you, I'll claw your eyes out. Your Mother was a Hopper-ars'd Bitch, you Raskal* (cries the fourth.) *You're the Son of a Life-Guard-man,* ſays the fifth. In ſhort, all their Clappers went, and made ſuch a horrid noiſe and din, and uttered ſuch extravagant and uncouth Curſes and Reproaches, that I now began to doubt of the power of my Charm, and wiſh my ſelf in any part of Hell but this: which the Counſellors and my Guide perceiving, we were juſt upon returning out, when a tall rampant Jade, with fire in her eyes, and thunder in her tongue, made her way into the throng, roaring out louder than forty peals of Ordnance, *Rejoyce, you damn'd whores*

whores, rejoyce; we will now domineer over all the Devils in Hell: for Doll Tattle *her ſelf is coming to be our Leader.* What *Doll?* (quoth ſeveral to her at once.) *Why, you bald — Bitches,* quoth ſhe, *do you not know* Doll Tattle, *that ſniveling, wither-fac'd Jade, whoſe clapper is hung ſo by Geometry, that it ſounds in her very ſleep? Do but ſee how the very naming her makes thoſe cowardly daſtardly Devils ſneak away.* And it was very true, that no ſooner did the three Counſellors hear the name of *Doll*, but they turned as pale as the fire of Hell would let them, and made what haſt they could out, withal diſpatching away a Meſſenger with advice to *Lucifer*, to ſend immediately ten Legions of Devils to ſecure the Avenues, leſt in this exceſs of joy, for having ſuch a Leader as *Doll Tattle*, they ſhould attempt an inſurrection in his Empire.

Marſor. *Certainly the Devils had reaſon; for there's no ſtorm worſe than that of a womans tongue; and the beſt defence againſt it, is the getting out of the reach of it: But methinks the Companions*

panions of Satan ſhould have either Policie or Power enough to ſtop thoſe Vixens mouths.

Paſq. Why 'tis true, one would ſo, but all will not do; and yet they uſe all the Arts and Engines imaginable: there are Cucking-ſtools, Gags, Spurs, and Helmets, and what not? yet all to little purpoſe. As we went from them, we paſſed by the *Bethlem* of the Uſurers; for they are accounted a kind of mad people, who oppreſs others, and pinch themſelves, onely to hoard up that Gold, they have not the heart to enjoy. Not far from them is an ugly naſty place, but very large, where are cloyſter'd up in the midd'ſt of flames, a filthy ſort of people, that uſed at once to cheat the dead and the living; that is, a ſort of people, who being left Executors of others Laſt Wills and Teſtaments, never made any Conſcience of performing them, but converted the Legacies of the Dead to their own uſe. I contented my ſelf with looking in at a little Wicket, which I ſaw open, and had no ſooner caſt my eyes into the place,

place, but I eſpied a Reverend old Gentlewoman, who had formerly defrauded a friend of mine of a Legacie. Oh, oh, ſaid I, if it be come to this, you had e'ne better have duly performed the Will of the dead, and not have put my friend off with ſo many tricks and ſhifts. She was about to excuſe her ſelf, that ſhe always intended as ſoon as the accounts could be ſtated (her old fobs off) to have cleared all; but leaving the world before that was done; ſhe hop'd her Executor (one like her ſelf) had ſince ſatisfied me. I was in good hopes he might do it at my return, eſpecially when I ſhould tell him in what condition his mother was; and ſo for the preſent I left her, paſſing to the *Bridewel* of the Hectors and choice Lads, where I found at the Gate, that very ſame pitiful fellow who had been turned out from among the Lawyers, earneſtly begging admiſſion there; but the Brothers of the Blade demurred upon it, till he had taken an Oath that he had never practiſed any thing above Scolding, Huffing, Lying, and Vanity; but never durſt do any man Right or Juſtice in

life; which he being ready to accept, was thereupon admitted: and indeed theſe were all here but a Company of Male-Scolds.

Marſor. *But prethee where are the* Jeſuites *all this while? For now methinks I long to hear the Relation of them, as much as thou didſt to ſee them.*

Paſq. Why, we are juſt coming to them; for now paſſing by a Cell of Suburb-Cockatrices, who had themſelves been a Hell-fire upon earth, we deſcended through dark and diſmal Caves, full of Vipers, Scorpions and Baſiliſks, and at length arrived at a very narrow paſſage, where above one at a time could not eaſily make way: In the middle of this Paſſage was a door, which was opened with one of the Keys, and at the end of this ſtreight was another door, which the ſecond Key opened. And having paſſed that, there was a Drawbridge, which four Giant-like Devils had the Guard of, to whom one of the three Infernal Counſellers called, commanding them in *Lucifer*'s name, to let down the Bridge; who preſently obeyed; and we coming to the

the other ſide, were again ſtopt by a very great Door, which was faſtned on the outſide with a great Padlock, which was opened with the third Key, by the Paws of the very Counſellour himſelf, to whom *Lucifer* had committed it; who afterwards knocking hard on it, at his ſecond knock, came one who opened a little Wicket, by which he ſpoke to the Counſellor, but I could not underſtand any thing of their Diſcourſe; let it ſuffice, the Gate was opened, and we got in; but we were no ſooner entred, but it was preſently faſt barr'd again, and another Gate ſomewhat leſs, opened, which went into, accompanied by about a dozen Halberdiers of the Yeomanry, that attended here as Warders, and one of the Devils Counſellors, the other two ſtaying without. Scarce were we got in, but we might behold ſuch vaſt multitudes of *Jeſuites*, that I ſhould never have believed it, if I had not ſeen it; they had all great Bolts of Iron on their hands and feet, and each a Gag in his mouth to hinder him from ſpeaking; otherwiſe they had no particular torment

beſides that of the flames inflicted upon them, but thoſe were very raging and violent; yet I heard them not utter one word or ſyllable: for the Devils that had them in charge, having no other form than that of the moſt loathſome and venemous Serpents, made them keep the profounder ſilence. I was in a little time ſo cloy'd with the ſight of the *Jeſuites*, that I deſired to be let out of that place, reſolving to forgo the remembrance of them; and thereupon knocking at the Door, it was preſently opened, and we returned back by the ſame degrees as we came. But by the way, I was ſo inquiſitive to aſk the Devils what was the reaſon they kept the *Jeſuites* ſo cloſe lockt up in Hell, not permitting them to have any commerce or ſociety with the reſt of the Damned? To which this Helliſh Counſellor returned me this anſwer: In Politick Diſtempers, ſaid he, violent Remedies are to be applied, to root out the infection when it firſt gets birth, leſt if the wound come to be gangrened, it become incurable. Now we having perceiv'd from the very firſt moment that the

the *Jeſuites* appeared in the world, that thoſe ſubtle Foxes made it their whole buſineſs and deſigne to aſpire to the Rule and Monarchy of the whole Univerſe, and that they have tried all manner of tricks, and attempted even impoſſibilities to arrive at their propoſed end, joyning and jumbling together Speculation with the Morals, and Rhetorique with the Politiques, to ſeize upon and ingroſs to themſelves the very hearts of Princes: and though at firſt ſight, and in an inſtant, they ſeem'd not to have reach'd their utmoſt aim, yet upon good enquiry it will be found, that theſe devout Fathers have eſtabliſhed to themſelves an abſolute Monarchy over all *Europe*, ſwaying Princes with their Counſels, and impoſing what Laws they pleaſe on the people by the Artifice of Confeſſion, and diſpoſing other mens Eſtates, whilſt themſelves ſeem to deſpiſe riches. Our Prince *Lucifer*, who inceſſantly watches to preſerve the Liberty of the Infernal Empire, taking warning from all theſe devices, leſt he ſhould fall into an error, whereinto the Princes of *Europe*

either are, or do daily precipitate themſelves, ſuffering themſelves to be ſuch Cullies, as to be governed and guided by the politick Stratagems of theſe Jeſuites; reſolved to chain them up, and bar them from all converſe and communication, leſt they ſhould in time become Monarques of Hell, as they have made themſelves Maſters of all the world. Theſe words ſo ſtrangely affected me, that I could ſcarce forbear ſhedding tears; and I inwardly lamented, and was grieved for the miſeries wherein the Princes and people of Chriſtendom had involved themſelves, who were ſo feeble as to ſell their Liberty, and yielded in point of Judgment, even to Hell it ſelf, that knew how to preſerve its Monarchy better than they theirs. Yet all my grief could not reſtrain me from enquiring into a certain kind of people, both men and women, whom I ſaw mixed among the *Jeſuites*, and bound and gagg'd juſt as they were: For I could not imagine whence they ſhould come, they not wearing the Habit of any Order, but being very meanly clad (the women generally

generally in green Aprons) and miſerably wan and pale-faced. I made bold therefore to aſk one of the Infernal Counſellors what they were? Who replied, that they were a ſort of Northern Enthuſiaſts, called *Quakers*, lately ſprung up, and ſucking their Principles from the *Jeſuites*, ſcorning all Rule and Dignity, and veiling their Ambition and Pride under the Mantle of Spiritual Light, and their Cheating and Deceiving under the Cloak of plain and honeſt-dealing, but in their hearts aiming at no leſs than their firſt Tutors the *Loyoliſts*; and being no leſs dangerous where they ſpread themſelves; wherefore the Devils had thought fit to fetter them together as faſt as they came to Hell; which they did headlong, and in whole ſholes. At length being come back to the Infernal Palace, and the three Counſellours about to take their leaves of me, they all recommended to me, ſince I was to return to the world, that I ſhould exhort Princes to be clearer-ſighted, and look well about them, for that the *Jeſuites* had always their

eyes open, and lay in continual Ambuſcado to ruine all other Monarchies, the better to eſtabliſh their own. Which I promiſed them to do; and ſo took leave of theſe Gentlemen, after having received from the hands of theſe Helliſh Counſellors thoſe Verſes I will now rehearſe to thee; which he deſired me to get Printed, and to diſperſe Copies throughout all Chriſtendom. Liſten to them.

I.

STrange is my wonder and ſurprize,
To ſee the lewdneſs of this Age:
A pale-fac'd Race with down-caſt eyes,
So boldly perpetrate their rage,
And Heav'n it ſelf, 'gainſt Heav'n engage.
A Sect that dare with Law diſpenſe,
Though Goſpel plead in its defence:
That like wing'd Snakes to miſchief fly,
And all the Powers above defy,
Out of a holy meek pretence.

2. *Baſe*

2.

Baſe Treachery and falſe Deceit
Purſue the footſteps where they tread;
Yet leſt the world betray the Cheat,
Which they of all things chiefly dread,
Their face is with demureneſs ſpread.
And by a fawning guilty Art,
(Though Treaſon reigns in every part)
They feign a Piety, to deceive,
And make the ſilly croud believe
Integrity is in their Heart.

3.

Who do's their Meen and Carriage view,
And not with Actions looks compare,
Would think all their diſſembling true;
And far from gueſſing what they are,
Judge they more juſt than Cato *were.*
Whilſt in their graver Looks they hide
Such falſe Hypocriſie and Pride,
Not only Fools, but the Devout
Are oft-times born beyond a doubt,
That Goodneſs may their Actions guide.

4. *Their*

4.

Their deadly Hooks, which they ſtill bait
With Flattery, t'advance their Gain,
They ſpread; and in cloſe Ambuſh wait:
Till many ſilly Souls are ſlain,
Who ſee the ſweetneſs, not the pain.
For e're poor Fools can be aware,
They in their Traps enſnared are:
Whom with a ſly Serpentine Spell,
They clog and flatter to their Cell;
And then too late they feel the ſnare.

5.

Muffled in theſe deceitful Veils
Of Phariſaick Pride and Guile,
Their hidden Treaſon ſo prevails,
That men they of their Senſe beguile,
And make their Souls the Devils ſpoil.
But when they exerciſe their hate,
Their Rage foreſtalls Decrees of Fate;
Powder and Poyſon, Knife & Sword,
Muſt all their ready help afford,
And on their Executions wait.

6. *By*

6.

By Promiſes of Life and Bliſs,
They ſilly Souls bring to their Lure:
For Man by Nature craving is
Of Joys, which laſting are and ſure,
And would for them wants endure.
Thus they Mens Charities deride,
Making them ſerve their Luſt and Pride:
Nor is there ſo much real evil
In the Temptations of the Devil,
As their envenom'd Arts do's hide.

7.

Who'ere do's the leaſt ſin conceal,
Or not confeſs what they think true;
By threats they force them to reveal,
(Such right o're Souls they claim as due)
Or treat them worſe than Turk or Jew.
Thus ſilly women they entice
Into the Trains of Luſt and Vice.
Wretches! who tread down all's Divine,
Or make it ſerve to the Deſigne;
Counting God's Laws but a Device.

8. *To*

8

To catch the ſilly and unwiſe,
On which their Baits can beſt prevail,
They many cunning Traps deviſe:
But leſt all other Plots ſhould fail,
Religion ſtill muſt turn the Scale.
With a feign'd ſhew of Zeal and Pity,
They rob the Court, and cheat the City.
And their falſe Merchandize impoſe
Upon ſuch Fools as thoſe
Will truſt a ſnuffling in the Noſe.

9.

Theſe ſly Impoſtors thus purſue,
With a demure and ſullen Tone
Of words, pickt out for to undo,
To draw poor Fools to be their own:
Words like their cloaths, with falſhood ſown.
Whilſt ſtubborn Hat and narrow Band,
Makes them o're Souls aſſume command.
But ſure 'twould be much better far,
Their necks with halters circled were,
To rid theſe Raskals from the land.

10. *Who*

10.

Who do's their private dealings know,
Beholds a Sea of all deceits,
On which whatever wind do's blow,
Ariſes ſtorms of Frauds and Cheats;
And thus the credulous Soul he treats,
Whilſt outwardly he whules and pines,
And vows he only good deſignes.
On men that thus corruptly live,
What other judgment can we give,
But that they're dug from Hells worſt Mines?

11.

And yet poor Creatures, all the while
They act thus without ſhame or fear,
Making it virtue to beguile.
Though cruel ravenous wolves they are,
Like harmleſs Lambs they would appear.
And all their deeds varniſh and gloſe,
Under falſe tongue & demure clothes;
Sheltring their maſs of Villany
With Holineſs: But why ſhould I
Tell ſo much truth in Poetry?

12. *Plagues*

12.

Plagues of the earth, a general curſe,
Sent for the ruine of Mankind;
For what from Hell could iſſue worſe?
When ſhall the World releaſment find?
When will the Fates our chains unbind,
By ſending ſuch pernicious ſlaves
Into thoſe dark Infernal graves,
Where you by merit ought to be?
That mankind from ſuch Peſts ſet free,
May praiſe Heav'n for their liberty.

Marſor. *Never take the pains to Print theſe Verſes, for I have ſeen them in Print long ſince; at leaſt, if they were not the ſame, they were very like them; and they do indeed diſplay them to the life.*

Paſq. They do ſo; and therefore my Infernal Counſellor would have them publiſhed; but whilſt he was giving me theſe Verſes, we heard ſuch a fearful clamour and outcry, as if the houſe of ſome perſon of Great Quality had taken fire. All the

the croud of Hobgoblins run might and main towards it, as if they had bid the Devil take the hindmoſt, leaping and vaulting over one anothers backs to make the more haſte. And I for my part, with the Devil that was my Conductor (and who would not leave me) ſet a running too, though neither of us knew whither we went, or what the matter was; till he ſeeing the throng from all parts making one way, aſked another Devil of his acquaintance, what was the cauſe of all this rout; who told him, it was occaſioned by the arrival of *Dom Mario* in Hell, whom all the Devils flockt to in ſuch crouds, to pay him due Honours at his entrance. As ſoon as I heard this News, I rejoyced inwardly at heart, and began to chear up my ſelf, crying, Ha, ha! the Popes Nephews ſure cannot be far from hence, ſince *Dom Mario* is come to accompany them; where I put my Legs to the ſtretch, for fear of looſing the opportunity. And being got within ſight, I was quite confounded to ſee the great Honours they paid to *Dom Mario*

Mario, which appeared rather like a ſolemn Triumph, than a ſimple Reception; for *Lucifer* himſelf came out to meet him, and conducted him to the Quarter where the reſt of the Popes kindred were entertained, where there were ſuch multitudes of Devils makeing court to them, that I thought for certain there were more of that infernal Race in this one Quarter, than in all Hell beſides. Seeing theſe extraordinary Honours paid to *Dom Mario* and the reſt of the Kindred of the Popes, and the Millions of Devils employed in the ſervice; I had the curioſity to enquire the reaſon of it, of a Devil who cried out louder than all the reſt, *Let the Nipotiſme live*; who briſkly anſwered me, that the Devils would be guilty of the utmoſt that could be called ingratitude, if they did not pay more ſervice to the Popes kindred, than to any other people whatſoever; ſince the Popes Nephews were the only cauſe that ſo many thouſands of poor Souls died in deſpair.

Marſor. *What is his meaning by that?*

The

The position to me seems somewhat obscure, and requires a close Speculation.

Pasq. Not so much as thou imagineſt; and methought he had a great deal of reason: for the Popes Nephews cruciate and torment all sorts of Persons, Prelates, Religious-orders, Priests, Monks, Friers, Nuns, People, Nobles and Commons, by burthening them with Fines and Amercements, oppressing them with violence, and treating them with contempt and scorn, taking away places of profit and trust from those who deserve them, and conferring them on such as have most money to give; and by a hundred thousand other tricks like these, reducing poor Christians, to despair; which brings clusters of souls to Hell, to its great benefit and advantage; which therefore for profits sake, makes all this Court respect the Popes Nephews, to engage them more strictly to its interests, and incourage them to a continuance in their persecutions. Satisfied with having seen *Dom Mario* in Hell, I had a mighty mind to return to

Rome, being well assured I should find now more quiet and repose than I had done heretofore. I discloſed my thoughts to the Devil appointed to accompany me in theſe infernal ſhades, who made me, I know not how, fall into a profound ſleep, out of which, ſome two hours afterwards awaking, I found my ſelf in *Rome* in the poſture thou now ſeeſt me. Thus I have given thee a full Relation of all that has paſſed from my Death to my Reſurrection. Now in requital of my having told thee all this News from the other world, pray tell me what hath paſſed at *Rome* in my abſence.

Marfor. *What delight canſt thou take in any relation of things here above, that haſt ſeen ſo many Curioſities in Hell? Prethee ſatisfie thy ſelf with the diſcovery of Rarities hid from all others, and trouble not thy head with enquiring into things known even by the ſcum of the people: for there's nothing happens now at* Rome, *which is not blazoned through the whole world.*

Paſq. That's a ſore already gangren'd

gren'd, and grown incurable; but however, to me that come from ſuch remote places all things are new; for what is ſaid here above, cannot pierce downwards.

Marfor. *My dear* Paſquin, *I could tell thee a great many Stories if time would permit; but it being already grown late, it is better we retire, and avoid the dangers night-walkers often fall into; beſides, thou that comeſt ſo far, canſt not but ſtand in need of ſome reſt.*

Paſq. At leaſt let me perſwade thee to tell me how things paſſed about the the Election of the new Pope.

Marfor. *Why I will aſſure thee, that if hitherto we have had reaſon to blame the Vices of ſome, we may to the comfort of the whole world, exalt the Virtues of others. For it is the duty of a true Chriſtian, as well to praiſe the good, as to rebuke the bad. If the people of* Rome *have groaned for this twelve years paſt under the miſeries wherein they were plunged by* Alexander VII. *and the Houſe of the* Chigi's, *they may now with good reaſon rejoyce at the happineſs and*

felicity they have regained by the Election of Clement IX. *and the Exalting in* Rome *the Family of the* Roſpiglioſi; *for into no other hands could the Popedom have better fallen for the welfare of Chriſtendom, than thoſe of Cardinal* Roſpiglioſi, *who not without cauſe would take the name of* Clement, *to ſignifie to the world, that by his Clemencie and Goodneſs he would repair the Breaches made by the Tyranny of his Predeceſſor. No ſooner was he advanced to the Chair, but he began to eaſe the people of thoſe intolerable Subſidies and diabolical Taxes they groaned under, reſtoring Juſtice to her Throne, from whence ſhe had been violently driven by the ill conduct of* Alexander's *Miniſters: and 'tis viſible, that Heaven had a hand in this Election, ſince he was no ſooner raiſed to this Dignity, but his decrepit and languiſhing body, which whilſt he was Cardinal he could hardly keep upright, ſeem'd reviv'd and ſtrengthned, and he grown indefatigable, thriving, and growing luſty in taking pains to do good; ſo that if ever that ſaying in the Goſpe*

wer

were applicable to any Pope, it may be to him: The good Shepherd lays down his life for his ſheep.

Paſq. Thou Boy, *Marforio*, Prethee don't run on ſo faſt, but wait what the end will be, before you praiſe thus extravagantly. *Alexander* begun mildly too; but ſoon from a Shepherd of Souls, became the devourer of the people; leaving *Rome* in a more miſerable eſtate than ever *Nero* did.

Marfor. Alexander's *corruption proceeded not from himſelf; he was of a temper not naturally vitious, but which had for a long courſe of time been enured to purity and virtue; and his failings were occaſioned by the perverſity of his Kindred, who never gave any one ſingle teſtimony of the leaſt inclination to good. But* Clement IX. *eſchews theſe occaſions: he has not ſet up in* Rome *a* Dom Mario, *infected with a thouſand Diabolical Vices; but a* Don Camillo, *endued with Angelical vertues; a* Don Camillo, *who generouſly deſpoils himſelf of all he has, to relieve the poor; and not a* Dom Mario, *who with inſupportable*

Tyranny robs and ſpoils the poor, to cloath and inrich himſelf. He hath not introduced a Cardinal Chigi, *young and ignorant, and unskilful in all Government and Management of Affairs; but a Cardinal* Julius Roſpiglioſi, *a man capable to ſuſtain the quality of Nephew Regent, and who Politiquely and prudently, at his Unkles perſwaſion, renounced the Title of* Cardinal Patron, *ſaying, he had more deſire to ſerve, than to become a Maſter. Neither has he ſet up a* Don Auguſtin, *who was no ſooner entred* Rome, *but he began unhandſomly to treat the* Roman *Nobility; but a* Don Vincent, *who deſpiſing the delights and ſoftneſſes of* Rome, *thought it a greater glory to go and brave death in the midſt of the Infidels, than idly to domineer at* Rome, *as the other Popes Nephews have uſed to do. In a word, all the world hopes to be happy under this Pontificate; both the Pope and his Nephews endeavour to make them ſo.*

Poſs. God be praiſed. The truth is, great calms generally ſucceed great ſtorms. But how are the people

content

content then with this Pope?

Marfor. *Extremely content, and the Prelates too; though it's true, among theſe Gentlemen ſome diſcontents are to be found; for 'tis the greateſt miſery of* Rome, *that there are there more Prelates than Dignities or Beneſices to endow them with (I mean conſiderable ones) and yet every one of them without exception, think themſelves worthy, and believe they have deſerved; ſo that it is impoſſible to pleaſe one, without diſpleaſing another. Yet the Pope with admirable prudence endeavours to pleaſe all; ſatisfying one with words, and another with deeds; and his Kindred, who are good and ſweet-natur'd, follow his footſteps to a hair.*

Paſq. Why this is the greateſt happineſs could ever light to *Rome*, where people uſe to be abuſed both in word and deed.

Marfor. *Among other things, theſe Nephews of this Pope ſeem not ſo greedy of Uſurping their Unkles Authority, nor do they aim at the abſolute poſſeſſion of it, as other their Predeceſſors have*

often done, who either out of a fear of loo-ſing it, or leſt by frequent converſe with others, he ſhould come to diſcover their faults, keep him up ſo cloſe, that they ſcarce allow him to give audience to publique Miniſters; but the Pope now is of another temper, and his Nephews ſecond him in it; they diſintereſſed as to private, and he as to publike Affairs, in his Managements with Kings and Princes.

Paſq. A happy change! I'm afraid too good to hold. But as to Books, are there any new things come out ſince I was ſeen here?

Marfor. *If I ſhould give thee but a Catalogue of all the Books great and ſmall that have been publiſhed ſince thy departure, 'twould ſwell into a Volume bigger than the Book of Martyrs.*

Paſq. Is that Gulf of unknown Authors that lived in my time, ſtill in being then?

Marfor. *It increaſes more than ever, and is a Tide continually flowing; in ſo much that there are ſo many Manuſcripts brought to the Heretick-Book-ſellers,*

ſellers, that they know not how to diſpoſe of them, nor with which to begin.

Paſq. Who the Devil ſhites all theſe Scriblers? or where do they inhabit?

Marfor. *I can't tell thee that; but certain it is, no ſooner do's any ſtrange Gentleman come to* Rome, *but he is preſently encompaſſed by a multitude of black Caps with thredbare Gowns, who are at ſtrife one with another who ſhall firſt preſent him with their infamous and Satyrical Manuſcripts, which they ſell for a Song, labouring only to get a poor pittance for their bodies, at the expence of their Souls: and becauſe moſt of the ſtrange Gentlemen that come to* Rome *are Heretiques, they at their return into their Countries give them to ſome Book-ſellers their friends, who being enemies to the Church of* Rome, *are not at all ſcrupulous of Printing what the* Romans *themſelves had writ. But which is worſt of all is, that the Hereticks have more ſhame and grace than the Catholicks themſelves; for the later write things ſo full of Villany, that the former are not only aſhamed to commit them to the Preſs, but even bluſh to read them.*

Paſq.

Paſq. I know not what to ſay to it: God pardon thoſe that give the occaſion.

Marſor. *'Tis the corruption of the Age wherein we live; for men are now of ſo depraved an appetite, that they ſet their minds only to read infamous, wicked, and Satyrical Books; and thoſe who have no other way to live but by belying themſelves, or their own conſciences, muſt comply with the humors of the times, and write ſuch things as will beſt pleaſe.*

Paſq. But how comes *Rome* only to be the Mother of all theſe Satyrical Books? Is it becauſe the *Romans* have leſs Conſcience, or are more idle and lazie than other people? for my part, I can't tell what to make of it.

Marſor. *'Tis becauſe they are more ſly and cunning than others; for theſe things require twice the Wit and Subtilty of others; and yet if thou knew'ſt what's writ in other places, thou wouldſt not lay all the blame upon* Rome: *for in* France *and* England *have of late been publiſhed many Satyrical Writings, and ſome of them ſo beaſtly, 'twould make a mans hair ſtand an end to read them. It is*

true,

true, that the French *have a peculiar quality above other Nations; for they laugh at Satyrs, and look upon them as a pretty faculty of Wit; and the greatest Vengeance falls upon them, is slighting and scorning them: I say nothing of* Spain, *where Satyrs fly up and down like Posts, no corner free from them. And which is the mischief, they are the worst of all that come from the* Spanish *Pens: for that being a very Religious and devout Nation, whenever they are infected with this distemper, turn all into Venom and Poyson; as the best things corrupted, turn the worse.*

Pasq. If it be so, no wonder that the *Romans* are so dexterous in composing Satyrs, for they can be good or bad according to time, place, and occasion.

Marfor. *For my part, I believe that the* Romans *write out of pure necessity, rather than out of any malice, and that they never lash hard but in point of revenge; for certain it is, that the most part of those who sell Manuscripts at* Rome, *are needy Priests, over-prest with their Poverty, or people discontented with the Court, spurred on by a desire of revenge, as the*

the others are by want; for the ſix pence given them to ſay a Maſs, not being enough to buy them a Dinner, they apply themſelves, to get food, to things perhaps contrary to their nature; which makes all they do, look as though it were Supernatural.

Paſq. But what Books have been Printed which I have not ſeen? Prethee tell me ſome of them.

Marſor. *There is the* Putaniſme, *which is as jolly in the Invention, as it is filthy and loathſome in the Subſtance; and which laſhes moſt the Court where it was made and compoſed. The* Mercury Poſtilion, *every one of whoſe ſtripes fetch blood.* The Spaniſh Monarchy in its Riſe and Declenſion; *which is a very pleaſant Treatiſe in form of Comedy, ſet off with a curious Prologue, and which ſmites the* Spaniards *hip and thigh; and yet to ſpeak the truth, they may make ſome good uſe of it, though the Author was none of their friends.* The form of Jeſuitical Government, *with Inſtructions addreſſed to Princes, to make them underſtand how thoſe Gentlemen manage their Affairs in order to erecting a perfect*

fect Monarchy of that Society: A Treatiſe *that touches them to the quick; but eſpecially in an Amphibological and Perſwaſive Letter from a* Jeſuite *to a Gentleman his Diſciple; with the Diſciples Anſwer to his Maſter.* The Cabinet of Princes, *which conſiſts of four Concerts, where he joyns and cuts off things as he pleaſes.* The ſpeaking Beaſts; *A very witty Piece: whoſe Conceits make it evident, that it was writ by ſome Learned man, who talks not like a Beaſt himſelf, though he treats all the reſt of the world like Animals, and as if there were no more men than himſelf. Together with* Sundry Relations from divers Princes Courts; *Treatiſes which ſeem lick'd over with hony, but have gall in their entrails.*

Paſq. I but theſe are but Pamphlets, and I have ſeen them in Manuſcript.

Marfor. *Why then, if you are for Bulk, we have the* Cardinaliſm *in three Volumes; but I believe never was a more ſenceleſs ridiculous Book Printed; 'tis without beginning or end, without reaſon or foundation, and only a meer heap of Lyes and Rayling.*

Paſq.

Pasq. 'Twas not then writ by the Author of the *Nipotisme*; for he had not such ill success in his Work.

Marfor. *It resembles it somewhat in its style; for they are both in that very defective: though the* Nipotisme *has something in it takes at first; but as for the other, it's half impossible to describe the fopperies it's fill'd with; and for my part, I wonder any one will take the pains to read it, since it has no ground of reason, and in the whole and every single Line is stuft with Nonsense: were it simply a Satyr it might pass; but the Devil's in't, it corrupts all History, and reduces it to a formal Satyr.*

Pasq. 'Tis not like *the Just Ballance of Cardinals*; which is notwithstanding very full of Villanies.

Marfor. The *Just Ballance, though purely Satyrical, yet has something pleasant, because it foretels and divines the most part of what it recites: but the* Cardinalism *praises those Cardinals it ought to blame, and blames those it ought to commend; disposing Offices and Dignities at pleasure. In a word, if it may be said of the other, He has as many*

many Sentences as Words; it may as juſtly be ſaid of this, He has ſcarce ſo few words as fooleries.

Paſq. It may then poſſibly do ſome good; for men tired with reading that, will never be ſo curious again, to enquire after Books of the like kind. But are there no others?

Marſ. *Yes; there is lately publiſhed,* The Conclaves of all the Popes; *which is a very ſmart Piece, but the Story required it; and though it a long time ago run up and down* Rome *in ſeveral pieces, yet now they are all joyned together; there are many have the Curioſity to read it. There is a ſmall* Treatiſe *that pleaſes me beſt of all, which they call,* The Earls Defence of the Reaſons of Princes, *and conſiſts in eight Diſcourſes: where the Author introduces a Marquis talking very Satyrically againſt the greateſt Potentates of* Italy, *and indeed of all* Europe; *whom the Earl defends, and refutes the Marquis his Reaſons. In the firſt is diſcourſed what advantages Spies bring to Princes. The ſecond treats of the Duke of* Crequi *Embaſſadour from the Chriſtian King,*

his

his Management of Affairs and Negotiations at Rome; *and the Articles published at his instance after the affront of the* Corses. *The third relates to the Interests of* Portugal, *and how the Pope is obliged to permit the Ecclesiastical places now vacant in that Kingdom to be by themselves supplied. The fourth speaks of the Peace between the Emperour and the* Turk. *The fifth extols the prudence of the Kings of* Spain, *in making his Embassadors give place to the* French, *and shows reasons for it. The sixth treats of the great wisdom the King of* France *appeared to be Master of, in forming his designe to buy the Duke of* Lorain's *Estates, avouching he did wrong to no man. The seventh proves that the* Venetians *did excellent well to continue their War with the* Turk. *And the eighth speaks of the* Swedes *Mediation at the Treaty of* Cologne.

Pasq. This must needs be an excellent Book, treating of so many curious things, which any witty man would desire to see discussed.

Marfor. *There cannot be any thing more pleasant, for it has all the strains*

of

of a ſound Politician; but thoſe who are nipt by it, don't perhaps think it altogether ſo well, yet they cannot forbear to read it, becauſe they find Roſes among the Bryars.

Paſq. When a Satyr is well writ, its ſharpeſt hits are always the ſweeteſt.

Marfor. *I believe now they will leave off making Satyrs, at leaſt againſt the Court of* Rome; *or if they do not leave now, ſurely they never will.*

Paſq. But prethee why ſhould they leave now? Or what reaſon haſt thou to think ſo?

Marfor. *Becauſe now we live in the age of Clemencie; and that Religion is at preſent under the Conduct of a Ruler much more Clement in deed than in name.*

Paſq. There is certainly no readier way than Clemencie to reduce to obedience and humility the moſt ſtubborn and obſtinate Souls; and if the Pope will act as thou ſayſt, he will draw more to himſelf, than all his Predeceſſors have done with all their violences.

Marfor. *God of his mercy pardon thoſe that envenom the Pens of others,*

and constrain them to become cruel railers and revilers, even of the Mother that nurs'd them; but good or Religious men have no share in the injuries done or said to the wicked. Those which write, have no designe to offend those pious Clergy-men that lead a holy life, modest, and tending to edification; as many such, God be praised, there are: but there are likewise multitudes of others, which forgetting the Obligations of that Vow they have solemnly taken, rebel, even against their Superiours. But good and devout men need not fear that Satyrs, though fetcht from Hell it self, can any way blast their Reputation: God has given us the Example of Lazarus *and the* Prodigal Son, *to oblige us to follow the first, and fly the last; and for that reason onely are they set down before us.*

Pasq. The truth is, were there no distinction made in the Church between the good and the bad, the virtuous and the vicious, between vile corrupted Popes and those that are not so, between Cardinals deserving that high Charge and those that merit a Halter,

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between truly devout and hypocritical Christians, the Church must of necessity soon fall to ruine. Should we extol those who by their wicked Examples rather scandalize their Neighbours, than endeavour to preserve the Honour and Reverence due to Religion? should we attribute to such men the praises they only deserve, who sweat, and labour, and undergo a thousand hardships, not only to sanctifie themselves, but to beget a respect and awe to Religion it self? It would be a thing impious and inhumane, if the lazie and negligent Minister may pretend to a recompence equal to the pious and laborious; what have they to do, but to Study to become like the others? 'Tis better therefore to publish the Vices of lewd men, that either they made ashamed may turn from their wicked courses, and enter into the paths of virtue; or at least that by this means, the holiness of the just may shine brighter.

Marfor. *The mischief is, that those wretches finding a sting in their Consciences, wince and kick at reproof, like a Horse that has a Nettle clapt under his*

tail, or skittish Jade when he feels the Spur.

Pasq. We never use to spur Horses that go right and readily in their way, though he that mounts them have still the Spur on his heel, and ready at their flank.

Marfor. *I'll assure thee, there are many refrain from wickedness more out of fear of the reproach of the world, than any true love of God. Therefore it is necessary to be sometimes giving a touch of the Spur to those that are restife, and addicted to vice, to put them in mind of their duty; but this is so far from reflecting upon good men, that it makes their virtue more estimable.*

Pasq. Possibly there may be no more need of the Spur if men would begin to do well, and forsake their evil ways. Nor would I have that Clemencie wronged, which is in all points praiseworthy, and a thing mighty necessary in these times, wherein men have got into a humour so froward and intractable, that the violence of some only stir up anger, and exasperate the minds of others.

Marfor.

Marfor. *'Tis the Head that governs all the Members. While in the Church there were holy and pious Popes, zealous for the peoples welfare, the reſt of the Clergie were ſo many Examples of Virtue; ſo that we may hope that God in his good time ſending among us a vertuous and generous Head of the Church, the Prelates and inferiour Clergie, being by his Example encouraged to do well, will be ſo mindful of their duties, and by their good works and piety ſo edifie the people, that there may be no more need of Satyrs, but all Pens may be imployed in writing the Prayſes of thoſe Eccleſiaſtiques they have once reviled for their wickedneſs, and reproached and writ againſt whilſt they ſtood out in Sin and Villany.*

Paſq. Let us ſay no more then, dear *Marforio*, but make a promiſe to Heaven, that we will for the future extol and praiſe good and pious men, with the ſame fervencie and paſſion, wherewith we have been uſed to decry the Vice and Debauchery of the wicked.

FINIS.